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THE BYSTANDER June 14, 1939

# The BYSTANDER

New York Letter : Weddings & Engagements

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# The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

*June 14—June 20*

## THEATRES

### Straight Plays

BEHOLD THE BRIDE.—Luise Rainer with a lively performance proves that an actress can rise superior to a poor play; Jeanne de Casalis, Evelyn Roberts support her: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

BRIDGE HEAD.—A gripping and well charactered play about the Irish Land Commission at work—Commissioners Wilfrid Lawson and Stephen Murray hold the stage: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—An episode of Russian history; Judy Kelly as Catherine the Great, Reginald Tate as Orloff: St. Martin's, 8.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood; cheap seats: Whitehall, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—Patrick Hamilton's thriller with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Milton Rosmer has a short cheap-seats run: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's political harlequinade is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INTRUDER.—Eric Portman heads a distinguished cast including Mary Hinton and Jill Furse in this entanglement of emotions; well translated from François Mauriac's *Asmodée*: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—First of the Regent's Park season stars Cathleen Nesbitt, D. A. Clarke-Smith, and a pavane by Wendy Toye: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall McGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

PROFESSOR SCHELLING.—Maurice Schwartz and his Yiddish Art Theatre company in the second of their short repertory (in Yiddish): Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PYGMALION.—Margaret Rawlings as Eliza and Basil Sydney as Higgins in this Shaw revival: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan continue their jolly pre-matrimonial worries; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT.—A kaleidoscopic, honest, sometimes touching, sometimes naïve picture of life and characters in a Welsh mining valley: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO KILL A CAT.—Retitled *Independence* from the Embassy comes West, with Clifford Mollison, Margaretta Scott, Enid Stamp-Taylor: Aldwych, 8.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

UNEASY LIVING.—A bright new comedy by Florence Kilpatrick, with Iris Hoey, Arthur Hardy, Jack Allen: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality; cheap seats: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

### With Music

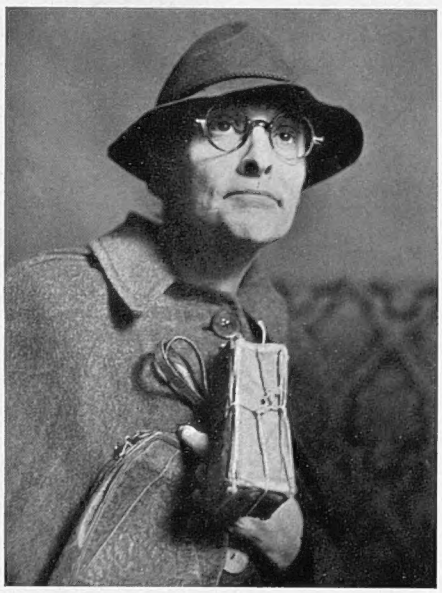
BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's new musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Fri., 2.30

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.



*Ruth Draper*

*The London season of the American diseuse started this week at the Vaudeville; here as the German woman in her sketch "In a Church in Florence"*

REVUDEVILLE No. 121.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

### Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

RUTH DRAPER.—The American diseuse opens a programme including a number of new sketches: Vaudeville, 8.45. Tues., Thurs., 2.45.

## CINEMAS

CARREFOUR (French).—Charles Vanel and Suzy Prim in a complicated tale of a court action, a lost memory and blackmail: Curzon.

DARK VICTORY (American).—Bette Davis makes a tour de force as a socialite girl who meets disaster courageously: Warner.

DOUBLE CRIME IN THE MAGINOT LINE (French).—Anglicised version of the military thriller: London Pavilion.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds, cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS (British).—Robert Donat and Greer Garson are Mr. and Mrs. Chips in the film of James Hilton's novel: Empire.

HOTEL DU NORD (French).—A realist film of life in the Paris slums with a romanticised ending; Annabella, Louis Jouvet, Arletty: Paris.

JAMAICA INN (British).—This new film from Daphne du Maurier is a tough, rough period piece about wreckers; Laughton heads a strong cast: Regal. (Last days.)

JESSE JAMES (American).—Tyrone Power as the toughest bandit in American history, Henry Fonda supports: Gaumont.

J'ETAIS UNE AVENTURIÈRE (French).—Edwige Feuillère gets into a lot of scrapes, finishes in Jean Murat's arms: Academy.

LOUISE (French).—Charpentier's opera makes a film for Grace Moore: Carlton.

LOVE AFFAIR (American).—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer's charming, restrained interpretation of a course of true love: Marble Arch Pavilion.

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One.

STAGECOACH (American).—How a group of people make the stage from Tonto to Lordsburg and what happens to them (plenty!): Leicester Square.

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (American).—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire re-play in a romanticised form the career of the pre-war dance pair: New Gallery.

UNION PACIFIC (American).—Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck in a good railway epic: Plaza.

## OPERA and BALLET

INTERNATIONAL OPERA.—The Covent Garden season under Sir Thomas Beecham's direction ends with *Götterdämmerung* (to-night, 14th, 5), *Don Giovanni* (Thurs., 15th, 8), and *Tristan* (Fri., 16th, 6.30).

D'OYLY CARTE AT SADLER'S WELLS:
PATIENCE.—To-night, 14th, 8.
COX AND BOX and H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Thurs., 15th, 8.
THE MIKADO.—Fri., 16th, 8.
THE GONDOLIERS.—Sat., 17th, 8 and 2.30.
IOLANTHE.—Mon., 19th, 8.
COX AND BOX and THE SORCERER.—Tues., 20th, 8.

GLYNDEBOURNE:
FIGARO.—To-night, 14th, 6.45.
MACBETH.—Thurs., 15th, 6.45.
DON GIOVANNI.—Fri., 16th, 6.45.
FIGARO.—Sat., 17th, 6.15.
MACBETH.—Sun., 18th, 5.30.
COSI FAN TUTTE.—Tues., 20th, 5.15.

BALLETS JOOSS.—The repertoire includes two new ballets, *Chronica* and *A Spring Tale*: Old Vic, 8.30 (except 14th, 16th). Thurs., 2.30.

RODELINDA.—Handel's opera given by the Dartington Hall company: Old Vic, Wed., 14th, Fri., 16th, 8.30; Sat., 17th, 2.30.

RUSSIAN BALLET.—The company under the direction of Fokine, with the L.P.O., opens its season at Covent Garden on Mon., 19th.

## SHOWS and SPORT

### In and Out of Town

THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO.—Aldershot, daily until Saturday.

ASCOT.—Hunt Cup, to-day, 14th; Gold Cup, to-morrow, 15th.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.—Opens at Olympia, Thurs., 15th.

ATHLETIC INTERNATIONAL.—Oxford and Cambridge v. Harvard and Yale: White City, Thurs., 15th.

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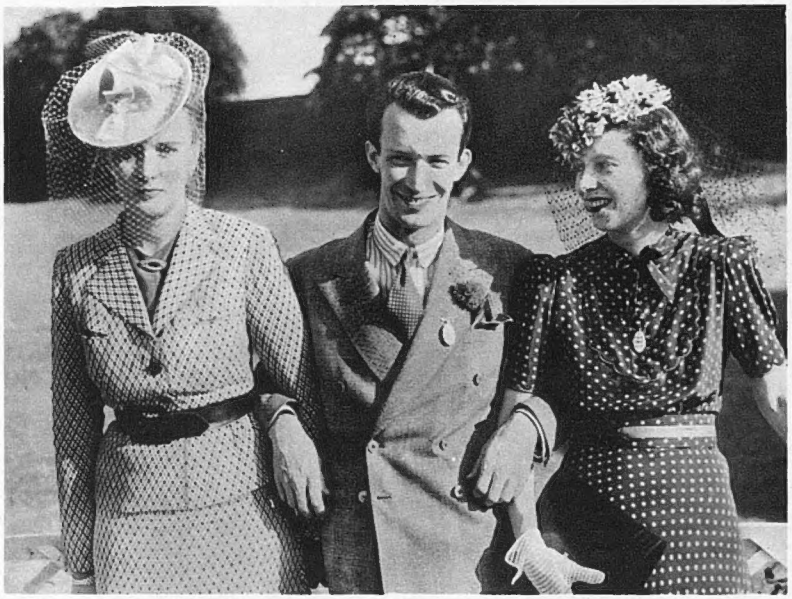
## Baronova is Back Again

Next Monday Educational Ballets will be welcomed back at Covent Garden after their long winter tour of Australia. Irina Baronova herself returned via America, where her parents live, and she and her husband, "Gerry" Sevastianov, one of the company's three directors, arrived in London on Thursday night, just in time for Baronova to appear at the Royal Academy of Dancing Ball at Grosvenor House. For the whole company classes and rehearsals started again on Monday. The new Lichine ballet, *Le Fils Prodigue*, is being given on the opening night, in which Anton Dolin makes his first London appearance since he joined this Russian company last autumn, and Baronova and Grigorieva alternate in the chief feminine role. *Carnaval* and *Aurora's Wedding* complete the first-night programme, with Baronova as Princess Aurora. London audiences will look on the Diaghileff divertissements from *The Sleeping Princess* with new eyes since the revival at Sadler's Wells of the Petipa-Tchaikowsky ballet in its entirety

# News Reel in a Heat Wave



*Walter Crisham and Two Stage Socialites*

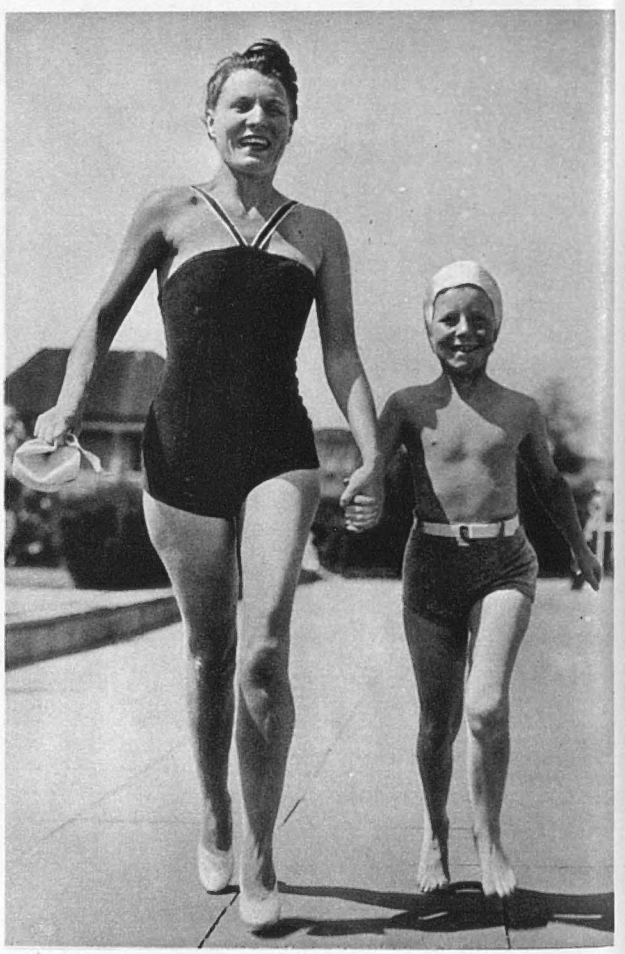
*On the hottest day but one the London stage migrated to Ranelagh for the Theatrical Garden Party. Walter Crisham, star of the Gate Revue, posed in the sunshine with Lady Iris Mountbatten, student of the London Theatre Studio, and Lady Caroline Paget, whose acting name is Caroline Bayly. Her sister, Lady Elizabeth Paget, was married next day to Raimund von Hofmannsthal* *(see p. 444)*

*Carpentering by the Taubers and Mrs. Sweeny*

*Richard Tauber's contribution to the Theatrical Garden Party was a travel department, where he showed films and gave talks. Carpentering with him here are his wife, Diana Napier, and Mrs. Charles Sweeny. He is singing twice this week, the final one of the Covent Garden opera season, in "Don Giovanni," to-morrow night for the last time*

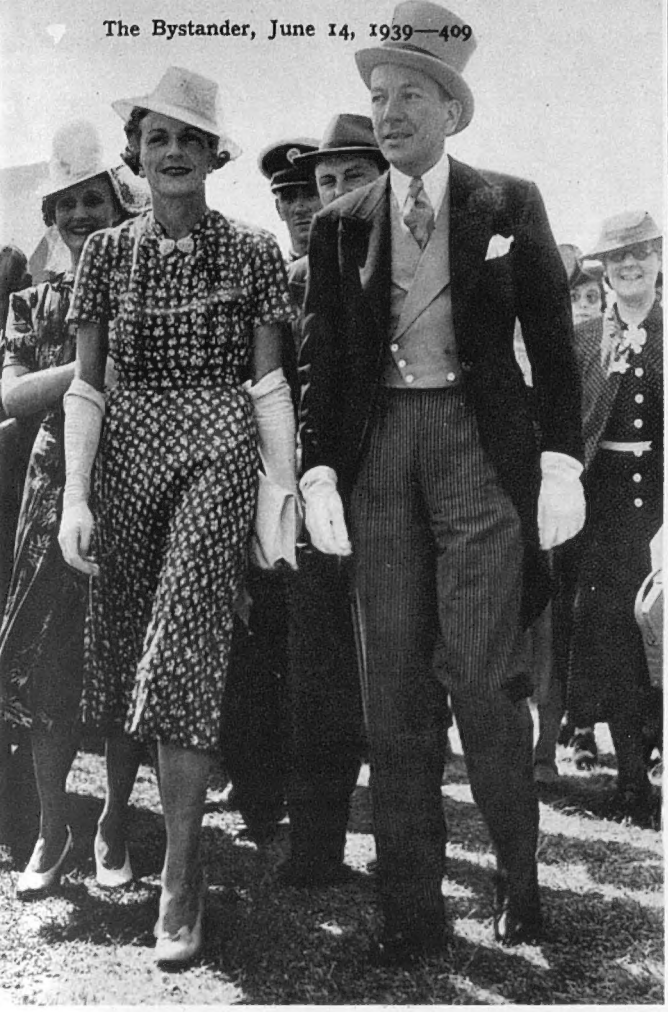
*The Retreat in the Rockery*

*Or rather, the rockery over the retreat, for that is the order of importance nowadays in landscape gardening. This model air-raid shelter, in concrete, useful as a refuge from heat as well as from other things, has been built for Sir George Beharrell, chairman of the Dunlop Rubber Company, at his home at Harpenden in Hertfordshire; he is seen outside it with his grandson, Roger, and his Corgi, Bob. In the last war Sir George was at transportation headquarters with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel*



*A Municipal Swim for an M.P.*

*Dr. Edith Summerskill, the lively Socialist Member for West Fulham, took her daughter Shirley swimming at Finchley's open-air baths before she went on to hear questions and answer in the House on the "Thetis" disaster. In private life she is Mrs. Jeffrey Samuel, wife of a doctor, lives in Highgate*



### Opener and President

*Lady Louis Mountbatten declared open the great entertainment at which the London stage annually sets itself to extract the largest possible amount of money from its public's pockets for the Actors' Orphange. Noel Coward is the hard-working President of the Orphanage and cuts a fine figure at the Garden Party, finer than ever this year by a pair of nice warm gloves. After his tour with Lady Louis, he took them off to play the piano in the Evelyn Laye—Frank Lawton Garden Club*

### Cocktail Shaker

*Mrs. Vic Oliver (Sarah Churchill) helped her husband run the Long Bar at the Theatrical Garden Party and shook hundreds of cocktails for hundreds of hot, exhausted visitors*

### Tyrolean Beer Sellers

*Another bit of the Garden Party where customers came in droves without any more encouragement than the sun's burning command was the Tyrolese beer garden, where Ivor Novello and Mary Ellis, dressed for the part, were in charge. When they went back to Drury Lane and the rest of the stage stars to their various theatres, film and radio celebrities took their places and kept the Party going until midnight*

### Debs at Polo

*The three debutantes sitting on a Hurlingham bench to watch Someries House beating the Optimists were Sonia Denison, primly posed, with a panda mascot pinned to her coat, Rosalind Cubitt, wearing a fox fur cape, and dark-spectacled Rosemary Beale-Browne, daughter of Brig.-Gen. D. Beale-Browne. She and Sonia Denison had a joint dance in May. Rosalind Cubitt's is at Holland House on July 6*

### Polo-Playing Maharajah

*The Maharaja of Jaipur was playing back for the Optimists when they lost to Someries House by nine goals to seven last week. With him here is Lady Violet Dundas, whose father, Lord Zetland, is Secretary of State for India and Burma*

### A Flying Visit to Fly

*Mary Pickford and her husband, Buddy Rogers, were in town last week, she taking flying lessons. They planned to stay only a few days, were then going on to tour Europe, perhaps calling on Mr. and Mrs. Korda (Merle Oberon) on the Riviera. Mary Pickford also spoke of taking a stage part here later on*

*The Master of Elphinstone and Lady Margaret Egerton*

*Mr. Ralph Harbord and Lady Lavinia Dundas*

*The organisers of the Roof Garden Ball at Derry and Toms had heaven on their side: the warmest and stillest night of the year made the roof garden a perfect place for sitting out under the stars. The Queen's nephew, the Master of Elphinstone, and Lord Ellesmere's fifth daughter, Lady Margaret Egerton, were two of the guests; Ralph Harbord and Lady Lavinia Dundas, both from Yorkshire, were in another party. The dance was in aid of the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital Children's League*

# All for Charity

*Lady May Abel Smith had charge of a flower-stall at the open-air market held in the forecourt of St. Peter's, Vere Street, in aid of the Queen's Hospital, Hackney Road. One of her customers was her mother, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who is making a purchase of lilies on the left*

*Lady May Abel Smith and Princess Alice*

## *The Younger Generation Start Their Charity Careers Planning a Children's Garden Party*

*Lady Balfour of Burleigh took her youngest daughter, Margaret, to the party at which plans were made for the Annual Children's Garden Party in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospitals Memorial Association, of which Lady Balfour is a keen member. The Garden Party is next Wednesday at Lady Debenham's house in Addison Road*

*Viscountess Carlow and her sister, Mrs. Malcolm Gladstone, are on the Garden Party committee and took Mrs. Gladstone's two sons, Robin and Timothy, to the children's party given by Mrs. Eric Burt, one of the joint chairmen. The children played while their mothers talked plans for next Wednesday. Lady Carlow's own son is too young for such affairs: he was born last August. She married the Earl of Portarlington's heir in 1937*

*Another Quartet at the Roof Garden Ball*

*It might have been a winter sports event instead of a London season charity party that lined these four people up for a photograph. The Hon. David Wilson, Patricia Raebarn, Lady Raeburn and Major "Tommy" Lindsay are all well known on Alpine ski-runs, and particularly at Murren*

*Miss Ninette de Valois and Lady Rose Paget*

*Ninette de Valois, director of the Vic-Wells ballet, arranged the Grande Fête de Ballet at the Royal Academy of Dancing Ball, held at Grosvenor House in aid of the R.A.D. building fund. Lady Rose Paget, a former student member of the Wells company, appeared as Sallé, one of the famous dancers of the past who were represented in the Fête de Ballet*

*Right: Joan and Elspeth Hope - Morley, daughters of Lord Hollenden by his first marriage, were at the cocktail party given at their father's town house in Connaught Place to discuss the forthcoming exhibition of royal and historic treasures. It will be held at 145, Piccadilly by permission of the King, and will be in aid of the Heritage Craft Schools, Hailey, Sussex*

*The Hon. Joan and the Hon. Elspeth Hope-Morley*

*Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Haskell*

*Mme. Adeline Genée and Princess Marie Louise*

*Princess Marie Louise was president and chairman of the Royal Academy of Dancing ball committee. Mme. Adeline Genée, with her on the left, is president and chairman of the executive committee of the R.A.D., and made her first appearance as a dancer after many years in "Three Generations" (with Phyllis Bedells and the latter's daughter, Jean Bedells) wearing a dress lent by Anna Neagle. Among celebrities at the ball were Arnold Haskell, the ballet critic, and his Russian wife, and (below) Mme. Melchior, wife of the singer, who is over here for "The Ring"*

*Capt. R. Dyke and Mme. Lauritz Melchior*

***South America*** *comes back with a strong — but not yet strong enough — answer to North America's challenge to the London corps diplomatique. The challenge is the United States Ambassador's family of nine; the answer, made by the new Chilean Ambassador, Señor Don Octavio Senoret, is a family of six, herewith: Octavio, Maria Luisa, Margareta, Maria Raquel, Sibila and Luis Fernando. The new Ambassador arrived in London last week, succeeds Sr. Don Augustin Edwards*

***South Africa*** *welcomed the Duke of Devonshire, Under-Secretary for the Dominions, in the person of Sir Patrick Duncan, Governor-General of the Union—the two statesmen and their wives are sitting in the grounds of Government House, Cape Town. The Duke and Duchess's tour was to include the Union, the High Commission territories and Southern Rhodesia; they will be back for August*

# The Passing Hour

## Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

SENDING an official of the Foreign Office to Russia was at least a move in some sort of a direction, and perhaps the incomprehensible deadlock may at last be resolved. By the time this appears, Mr. William Strang will be in Moscow, and presumably we shall hear something definite in a day or two. It certainly will be high time.

THE mystery of the Czech gold gets deeper and deeper. The *Week*, that snappy little news-sheet, has come out with a story "from sources which can scarcely be questioned" that the money was transferred on March 17th, two days after the capture of Prague, to German account in the Bank of England, and then transferred again four days later to American account to buy dollars to pay for German purchases in America a month before. The *Week* goes on to suggest that the Czech gold balances were an important consideration in the invasion. Herr Hitler wanted a lot of things, including, perhaps especially, the money.

THAT extraordinary document, the Anglo-Italian Agreement, has been in trouble again. In an annexe to the treaty it was agreed that Italian equipment and war material should not be left in Spain after the war. Now it is announced that large quantities of it will be left, after all. But the Government maintains that this is not a breach of the Agreement, because the material has now been given to the Spaniards and so it is no longer Italian. This is a pretty neat dodge. You will remember that not so long ago Italian troops left Libya, in accordance with the Agreement, and then immediately went back to Libya, and that the Government did not regard this as a breach either.

"THE TIMES," for the second time in a fortnight, has returned to the theme of a change of Cabinet Ministers. But this time it does not refer to Lord Trenchard in so many words. Owing to the untimely death of Sir Philip Sassoon a Ministry was vacant which is sometimes inside the Cabinet and sometimes only just out. It was hinted that the new First Commissioner of Works might well be a former public servant who would know more about strengthening the Government than adorning public parks. What about Lord Trenchard, in fact? But all in vain. The Prime Minister had other ideas, and he has promoted two of his Party stalwarts (nothing in the world would persuade me to call them Party hacks).

THE Honours List is one of the dullest there has ever been. Rows and rows of Tory politicians figure in it, with an occasional scientist, a lot of heavy business men, and the usual string of Service men. In the whole dismal parade I can find only three names, apart from the scientists, who would have been honoured in the Athens of Pericles. Dr. G. P. Gooch, the historian, and Mr. Mallon, the Warden of Toynbee Hall, both became Companions of Honour, and Mr. Max Beerbohm became a knight. No painter, sculptor, poet, actor or musician is worthy of honour this time. Truly we live in a world which only pays attention to finance, intrigue, and militarism.

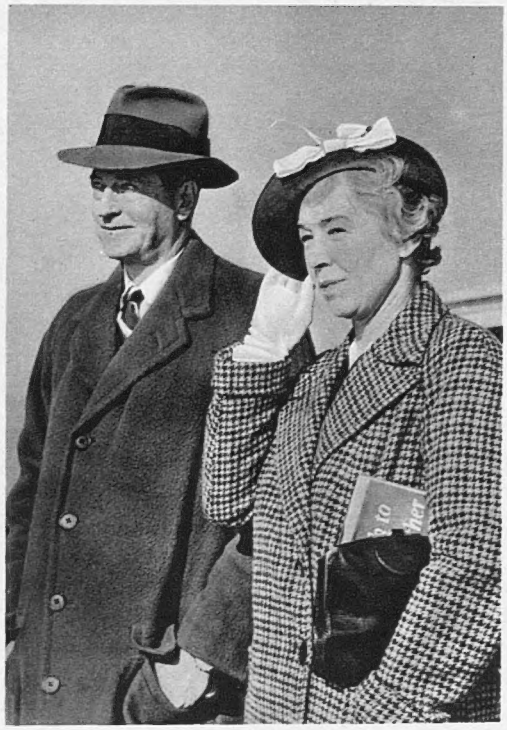
THE German broadcasts to India in Hindustani have not been on the most tactful lines, as the speaker has been violently attacking both Gandhi and Nehru. This is not exactly the way to unite the Indians against the British Raj. Nor did Herr Schacht do much better in his recent tour of India, when he gave interviews of one sort to the European journalists and of a different sort to the Indian journalists. The latter, I was told, were particularly indignant.

TWO years ago Sir Henry Hoare offered to leave to the National Trust, to be preserved for the nation, his house and wonderful grounds and gardens in Wiltshire. The whole estate is about 2700 acres, and Sir Henry offered also to provide for the endowment of the gift. But the Air Ministry, vigilant as ever, is now stepping in and proposes to buy compulsorily 300 acres of the estate, near the house, for a training aerodrome. If this scheme goes through, Sir Henry's offer will be withdrawn, and the nation will be the loser. I have not been reporting very much lately from the Vandal Front, but the attack goes on all the time relentlessly.

I AM sorry that General Gamelin has been appointed to the rank of "General commanding the French Armies" and not to the famous old title of Marshal-General of France. It would be the appropriate moment to revive a title that has only been held by four men in the past—Turenne, Villars, Saxe and Soult. It appears, by the way, from the newspaper accounts of General Gamelin's visit to England that he is the twenty-eighth General, according to my reckoning, who drew up the plans for the Battle of the Marne.

I WENT to hear the famous Mme. Tabouis speak at one of Foyle's Luncheons at Grosvenor House, and I confess I was not impressed. The prophetess seemed to have left her divining wand behind, for she prophesied nothing that appeared to

***Aldershot,*** *traditionally on the programme of visiting military potentates, was doubly en fête for General Maurice Gustave Gamelin, G.O.C. the French Armies; he saw the first public performance at the Searchlight Tattoo, and received an enthusiastic reception there, as well as inspecting the more important workaday Aldershot and its equipment, as here, where he is with a Tank unit. A visit to Sandhurst, attendance at Trooping the Colour, a Government luncheon and a Parliament dinner were other features of his visit*



***Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt*** *arrived last week, with his wife, to sail his new 12-metre "Vim" in English waters. The yacht, which was brought over on the President Roosevelt, will have as its chief rival Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's new "Tomahawk"*

me to be of the smallest interest or that we didn't already know.

WHILE Berlin and Rome—especially Berlin—are doing their best to persuade Yugoslavia into the Axis, the Italian Soccer team has not made a very helpful contribution. Last week's match against the local lads of Belgrade developed into a very jolly little free-for-all. Afterwards the Italian flag was torn to shreds and the visitors were hissed and booed, and their omnibus was stoned. The Italian Minister has officially protested, and a Belgrade newspaper has cautiously admitted "the home team played rather temperamentally."

THE Committee for Verse and Prose Recitation has published its report. These are the boys and girls who go round the pubs and recite poetry and act plays. They are delighted with the reception they get, but I cannot help wondering whether it is not just the natural courtesy of the ordinary pub-goer. Do people really want highbrow stuff over their evening pint of beer? There is one capital sentence in the report: "In a pub, verse which is nine parts or more obscurity will not gain a hearing." What are nine parts or more obscurity?

A NEW experiment of filming grand opera was shown for the first time the other day. The opera was *Louise*, and Miss Grace Moore was the star. I am afraid it wasn't a success, and it is difficult to see how it ever could be. Opera itself is a muddle of two separate arts—acting and singing. When you take that muddle and translate it into a third art, the result is almost bound to be disastrous. By the time *Louise* had tottered to its final conclusion, a crowded house at the Carlton was laughing heartily at the tragic moments.

INCIDENTALLY, at the premiere of *Louise* I thought the preliminary entertainment was of a very odd character. The news-reel showed a railway accident in which three people had been killed; a man in an iron lung who had suffered for years, and several other harrowing items, leading up to pictures of the Thetis disaster. Perhaps it is necessary that we should have such pictures, but I cannot believe there is the faintest justification for the commentary which accompanied the Thetis film. There is a big difference between heavy-handed mawkishness and the simplicity of Abraham Lincoln when it comes to pronouncing an elegy for brave men.

CHARLES MAURRAS, the veteran Royalist journalist of Paris, has refused the challenge to a duel on the grounds that it is an "obsolete rite." And he is perfectly correct. In this country we long ago substituted another test of the code of honour, simpler, more just and more effective. The Club Committee is the modern arbiter of gentlemanly behaviour.

IN the non-sequitur department this week's award goes to the following exchange in the House of Commons. Colonel Heneage asked if it was not a fact that Westmorland had not a separate Territorial association but was joined with Cumberland. Mr. Hore-Belisha replied: "Nothing can detract from the enthusiasm of Lincolnshire."

THE hot weather has certainly expanded the West Indian cricketers into full bloom. During the cold of early May they looked small, unhappy, pinched little men and their cricket was wretched. Now they are great big chaps, rolling about in the sunshine, with huge smiles on their faces and hitting the bowling to all parts of the field.

A SAD little story comes from the Theatrical Garden Party. A lady, who was leaving the grounds on that memorable and hot afternoon, was overheard to say, "How sad the stars look underneath the sun."

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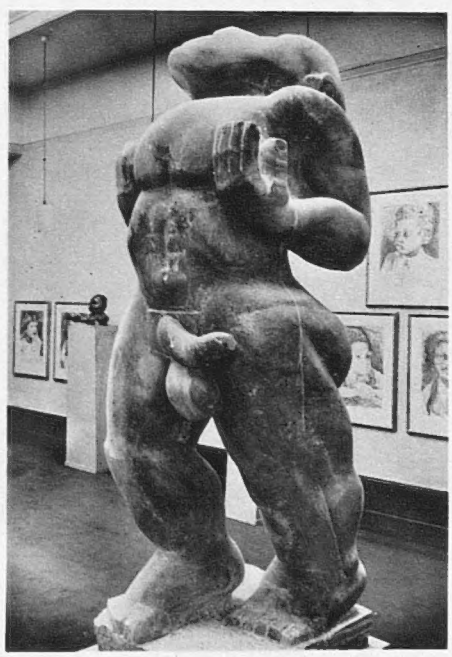
A CORRECTION.

Owing to a photographer's error, one of our Derby Ball pictures published in the issue of May 31 was wrongly captioned. The lady dancing with the Hon. David Herbert was not Countess Beauchamp. We apologise to Lady Beauchamp for the mistake.



***Mr. Jacob Epstein*** *has thrown another massive pebble into the ever-simmering mill-pond of controversy over his sculpture with this three-ton creature in Derbyshire alabaster, which he calls "Adam." It is on view in his exhibition at the Leicester Galleries*

*Baron*

# A British Press Photographer

Of all the richly-drawn characters in Priestley's *When We Are Married*, the vinous Yorkshire Press photographer is the richest. Frank Pettingell created this part, relinquished it to the author when hors de combat last year, is now again dominating the stage with his large philosophy at the Princes, where the piece is fifteen performances off three hundred and nearing its end. We advise that no one misses seeing Pettingell's faultless portrayal of a vanished type in the British Press—for, as you know, photographers nowadays are rapid young men who would never make the mistake of getting drunk on an assignment

# The Theatre

***"Rhondda Roundabout" (Globe)***

ALMOST the only bit of critical doctrine that seems to find an echo in the instincts of the ordinary playgoer is the bit which says that a play should have a beginning, a middle, and an end. He 's for a story, and demands, not unreasonably, that the story should have a recognisable shape and a definite direction. Possibly this drama of a Welsh mining valley, written by Jack Jones, who knows the hard life of the Rhondda as one who has lived it, and now running at the Globe, would be the better for not breaking an excellent rule. There are frequent changes, not only of scene, but of interest, and the author calmly neglects to define the direction of his story until it has virtually come to an end. Indeed, of the one rule which the ordinary playgoer reckons as golden, he seems never to have heard.

Yet there are other rules, and these he has at his finger-tips. The mirror he holds up to the life he knows from A to Z, from the Beulah oratorio to the street-corner agitator, is as exquisitely good-humoured as it is sympathetic and revealing. Miners and their wives, drapers and their assistants, ministers and boxers, musicians and tub-thumpers and bookmakers, there is no questioning their authenticity. The things that happen to them may leave us in some doubt, until it is too late, as to what special point the author is trying to make, but shuffle his scenes and his people as carelessly as he will, he cannot prevent them from being continuously interesting. And we are left at the end of every episode anticipating the next urgently, almost as urgently, after all, as though it were the continuation of the closest knit story. For the play has, in spite of its narrative lameness, the overriding virtue of being alive.

*Young lady who knows how to look after herself—when it 's too late: Doreen Pierce (Kay Bannerman)*

*Soft-hearted! Big Mog, a bookmaker who hates taking his client's money (Julien Mitchell), and Shoni Lloyd, a miner with a big heart in a little body (Mervyn Johns)*

*Sketches by Rouson*

*The rivals! Captain Felton, ex-officer with an impaired brain (Raymond Huntley), and Bandy Bowen, boxer with no brain at all to speak of (Charles Williams)*

*Love comes to the preacher: Rev. Dan Price (Hugh Griffith) and Lucy Meredith (Pearl Evans)*

THE special point turns out to be, as the young pugilist puts it to the good-natured bookmaker, who, with a wedding feast on his hands and no bridegroom, is for once cast down: "We Rhondda people have got to go on fighting up to the bell." They all do: the out-of-work miner whose daughter brings to the overcrowded home an illegitimate baby; the pugilist who can't get the girl he wants; the old musician who with despair in his heart conducts the annual "Elijah"; the young minister with a weak chest; the woman waiting for news from the pithead; the half in and half out of work miner whose simple, humorous staunchness is at everyone's service; even the bookmaker, who, knowing himself to be a parasite, supports a shell-shocked officer. Only the shell-shocked officer, staying his nerves on whisky and rhetorical railings at a cruel universe, is a denial of the Rhondda spirit. He has thrown up the sponge. Unlike the others, he can't go on fighting up to the bell. And, unlike the others, he is not quite credible, either as a human being or a symbol.

ALL the acting—even Mr. Raymond Huntley's treatment of the symbolic figure—is just about as good as it can be, with Mervyn Johns beautifully right at the middle of the picture. You may call the whole thing a picture, if you like. It is better worth looking at than many a well-constructed play.

A. V. C.

# Standing By . . .

## One Thing and Another

## By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

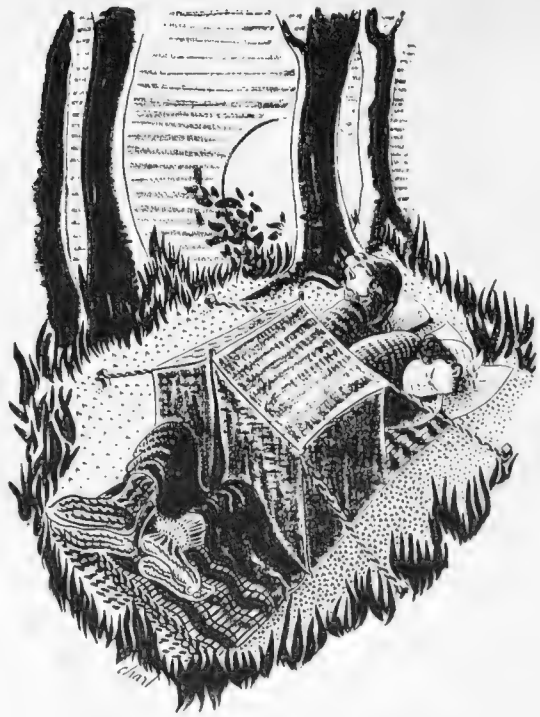
NEW YORK beggars, about 10,000 of whom are "fakes and phonies," make a total income of £3,000,000 a year, according to a recent estimate by the City Commissioner of Welfare, and we also note that the organiser of the Mayfair Street begging racket, who is said to make about £2000 a year, net and personal, is known to the police. (Showing, incidentally, how History, poor old wench, keeps repeating herself, like a Ministerial bore or a demented parrot. There was a King of the Beggars in Baghdad in the days of Haroun. The Grand Coesre ruled the mediæval guild of Parisian beggars from the Cour des Miracles. There was a Master of the Beggars of St. Giles's in eighteenth-century London.) However, one rather unpleasant aspect of the racket in London is that the majority of front-rank beggars—the type who drive up to their pitch, as a recent suburban police-court case has revealed, in a saloon car—do not contribute to charity, and especially to the hospitals, in proportion to their incomes. James ("Boss") Agate swears he knows of one practitioner, a match-seller on a West End pitch, who keeps regular hours, has a banking account, and is often to be seen in the stalls at the theatre, wearing what the gossip-boys call "immaculate evening dress." You may remember that one of the Sherlock Holmes stories involves a specialist of this kind, whose showing-up seems to have done the profession no great harm. It's our point that the poor and needy, God help them, have as much claim on these high-ups of the mendicity racket as on anyone else.

That rather patronising old story of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid—you recall it? An exiled and possibly hard-up prince nowadays would think twice, if he were wise, before asking the proud daughter of a London beggar to marry. Her Papa might have a Piccadilly "beat" and live in Park Lane.

### *Recital*

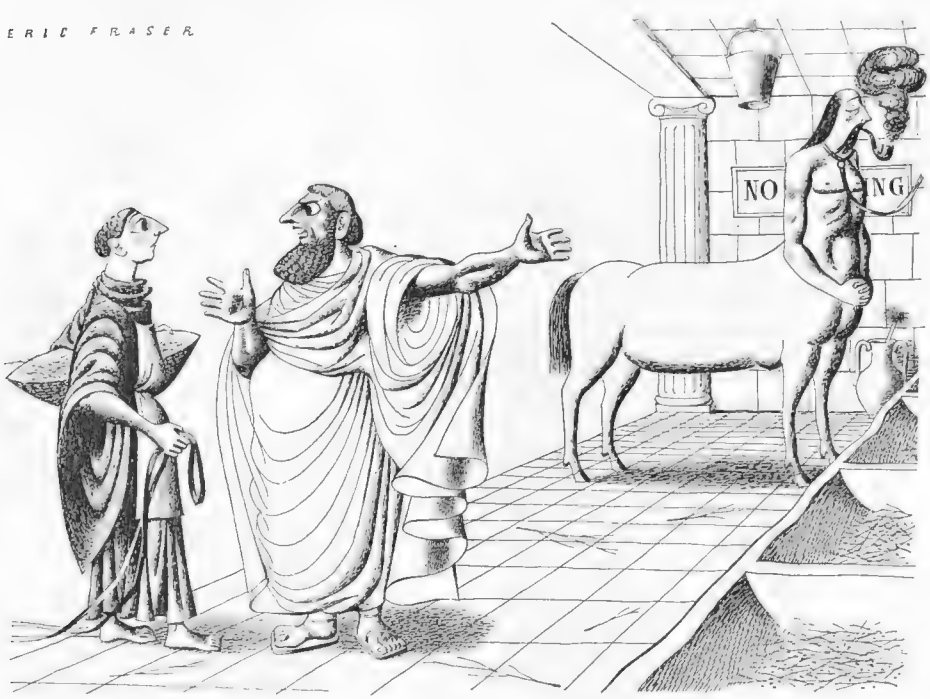
THAT gramophone record made by Alfred Lord Tennyson reciting his own verse, and re-made from the original cylindrical record of 1889, with which the Poetry Society boys are regaling a "pilgrimage" of Empire and American poetry-lovers at Aldworth before long, should be interesting. Victoria's Laureate was on the gruff side, and sometimes terrified girls, as that fascinating true story shows. ("Your *stays* creak," he growled suddenly at a poor little debutante sitting next to him at a dinner-party, and spoke no more to her. An hour later he came up to her in the garden and growled, "It wasn't your stays, it was *my braces*," and stalked away. We often wonder what she made of "In Memoriam," poor sweet.) On the other hand, poets reciting their own verse take a lot of trouble to make it sound impressive, and often gargle more hollowly and make worse faces than West End actors while so doing, as we know from bitter experience.

Irish and French poets give the best recitals, in our faltering view, because they aren't self-conscious. Mr. Joyce, for example, makes verse sound like stringed music and Greek fountains, and we once heard a minor French poet with an Assyrian beard speak very beautifully symbolist verses which meant absolutely nothing on earth. And once, in a London drawing-room where a clot or gaggle of poets were showing off, we suggested an idea which we recommend to the Poetry Society—namely, that while reciting his own works, a British poet should be doing something with his hands, such as juggling tennis-balls or balancing lamps on a cue, knitting or shadow-boxing or mixing dough, or, if there is a cow in the house, milking it. This practical suggestion, made entirely for the good of poetry, being rejected, we left, after setting fire to our host in a fit of justifiable pique.



*"Next time there's any ordering by post, I'll do it"*

ERIC FRASER




*"Didn't I tell you not to let the horses smoke?"*

### *Septic*

SO painstakingly have the authorities of the Dorset County Museum, Dorchester, reconstructed one of their rooms as Thomas Hardy's study, that even the white paint of the door is black with finger-marks, poor little Mr. Hardy being so crushed by blind, relentless Fate that he rarely got time to wash, it seems. When the Poet Laureate formally opened the Hardy Room the other day he carefully avoided all reference to this, yet it is a point in which the Island Race is keenly and even passionately interested, one of its principal gods being cleanliness, which is next (as the old proverb says) to Cricket. A peculiar statement was recently made by a British soap magnate, alleging that Holland uses more soap per head than any other nation in the world. Certainly the excessive cleanliness of those sleepy little Dutch towns, in some of which you could eat off those well-scrubbed rose-brick pavements if you were fool enough, seems to support such a claim, but a moment's reflection will convince

any sahib that using soap on pavements is hardly the same thing as using soap on chaps. Moreover, if the Dutch had been as *personally* clean as we are they 'd obviously have a bigger Empire ; and so, these alarms being over, it is possible to return and contemplate anew the distressing case of little Mr. Thos. Hardy.

We judge him to have been something of a Bohemian. These writing fellows generally are. Slack. Damned slack. Not too keen on the Cold Tub, we should say. Winking at the girls when he ought to have been keeping fit, no doubt. Do some of these fellows good to get 'em to the nets. All very well for a fellow like Hardy to say he 's helpless in the grip of Fate. Doesn't stop him keeping clean, damn it. Look at that chap, what 's-his-name, Gabworthy ? Galsworthy. Wrote millions of books, good British stuff, too, always as clean as a new pin, always well turned out, looked practically a gentleman, by Jove. And who 's that other fellow—name on the tip of our tongue, dammit, you know—Wimpole. Sir Somebody Wimpole. Hugh Wimpole. Another writing fellow. Might be a Service chap, he looks so damned well groomed. And that BYSTANDER fellow, Mac—something. Macdonald. A. G. Macdonald. Fit and clean. Dresses well. Squash player. Man-about-town. Goes everywhere. Always in and out of his bath. What we say is, every writer fellow can be as clean as these chaps if he likes.

***Revolt***

ENGLISH, considered as a written language, may come back into favour in Fleet Street before long, we conjecture, judging by certain recent trends. The most notable of these is a revolt by one or two long-suffering subscribers to the *Daily Express* against that snappy quickfire sub-American jargon which so many of the Shoe Lane boys substituted for their mother tongue some few years ago, and which involves as a general rule using at least two words where the English language needs only one. (E.g., "Lose out" for "lose." "Win through" for "win.") Accurately described by one of the *Express's* rebels as "a very low-class, show-business, Times Square American" and "Transatlantic guttersnipe talk," this sub-Americanese is doubtless supposed to create that atmosphere of crackling breath-taking speed and smartness which cretins prefer. But alas ! there is only one newspaper in the world which can do this sort of thing properly, namely the New York *Variety*, which clothes the most hideous offences against the English tongue in a sinister, wild, El Grecoësque beauty of its own and is in its way a work of art ; terrible, even loathsome, but still a genuine work of art. The spectacle of British newspaper boys attempting to limp or wamble or romp in *Variety's* footsteps is truly pathetic and reminds one of a conscientious British farce from the Parisian, or of that Francophile German baron, Boswell's friend, who, found leaping diligently over chairs and tables one morning explained : "*Sh'apprends t'être fif !*"

Note you that we 're not decrying the American Language proper, still less that exquisite, mirific iridescent, ever-changing slang it produces. This is a distinct literary art-form and very often as good poetry as *Adonais*. A London daily newspaper written in pure Runyonese would be worth reading, but any suburban British compromise is merely an irritant, as many are discovering. Mark you also that the only Englishman who has ever mastered the American idiom sufficiently to write it with the ease and grace of a native is one of the few literary geniuses of our time : old Maestro P. G. Wodehouse, D.Litt. (Oxon.). This fact seems significant.

***Pioneer***

THE first London citizen to be fined for refusing to join a bus queue, a Mr. McNeice, takes his place in history. In a way, Mr. McNeice's scorn for queuing up with the sheepish herd was rather splendid and individualist, an echo of the good days—not so long ago—when strong men fought nightly like tigers to get into theatre galleries and there was no nonsense about women and children first. It took some 300 years for London theatre managers to get the queue idea, and it has taken the London Passenger Transport Board slightly longer. The bus queue, combined with precedence by numbers on coloured slips, has been a feature of Parisian life for many years. The two systems, incidentally, demonstrate the difference between two kinds of democracy. Your London individualist jumps the queue, boards the bus, and is pleaded with ineffectually by an inspector. Your Parisian individualist never gets on the bus at all and, if he tries any argument or rough stuff, ends up at once in the nearest jug. The one democracy is sweet, the other stern.

Queues always look a trifle foolish, and there is no doubt that they tend to develop a spirit of patient, rather ignoble docility, as of an ass looking over a hedge. A West End theatre manager will often take cynical advantage of this by dismissing a queue—having kept it there in rain and snow to advertise his show for a few hours—with the announcement that there are no more seats. The queue then mumbles vaguely and dissolves, shaking its ears. In a healthy community the messenger would be torn to pieces and the theatre sacked.

**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

*"It was a pretty thought, vicar, but I'm afraid it isn't a reformed death-watch beetle—it's a praying mantis"*

# Films of the Day

## France, Primitive and Sophisticated

### By George Campbell

"La Femme du Boulanger" is not everybody's loaf. Its mood of sustained irony will bore and baffle some; its tempo, as leisurely as life in the hot sunshine of Provence, where it was made, will try the patience of anyone in whom the tragi-comedy of poor Aimable, the baker, with its mocking, urbane wit, does not evoke a sympathetic response.

France has never sent us a film more wholly, uncompromisingly French. One could, at a pinch, imagine *La Bête Humaine* translated to Wales, and *Quai des Brumes* to San Francisco. *Un Carnet de Bal* was a study in the nostalgic longings of Everywoman, everywhere, for lost youth and lost illusion, which probably accounted as much as anything for its prodigious success.

*La Femme du Boulanger* is as native to the French soil as truffles. The scene is that strange forgotten land, happily ignored by travellers thirsty for the Cocktail Belt, which lies around the mouth of the Rhône. Here is the Camargue, flat and, some think, featureless, but for those who take the trouble to explore it, an enchanted land of wild flowers and wild bulls destined for the arenas of Arles and Nîmes, and swamps once haunted by flamingoes and ibises. That was before the French, like the sportsman who presents the baker of the film with a couple of thrushes, took to spending Sundays potting at skylarks and pigeons and escaped parrots.

In a dusty little village in this dreaming land live M. Aimable and his wife. He is respected for his virtues, still more for the marvellous quality of his bread. She is comely, bored, and frankly amorous. One day M. le Marquis sends a handsome young shepherd to collect the bread, and the first meeting of shepherd and wanton is enough to fire the blood of both. They run off.

The village is appalled and naturally electrified. Life is dull. Here is a sensation. Excited gossip, sympathisings with the husband, denunciations of the wife, even a sermon by M. le Curé congratulating the villagers on the chance to profit by such a perfectly shocking example. The only person not delighted for one reason or another is the poor cuckold to whom heartless wags give a set of antlers—"a present from your wife." He just sits down and calls for a bottle of Pernod and a watering can and proceeds to get good and sozzled, laughing and crying and singing and telling improper jokes, till he has to be put to bed in his own trough.

So far so good: the villagers, from the Marquis down, are having the time of their lives. Then comes the bombshell M. Aimable's art, it appears, needs inspiration. Without his wife he will not, cannot, bake. Stunned by the prospect of going without bread, or eating inferior quality, the villagers suddenly appreciate M. Aimable's suffering: the runaway must be induced to return. The Curé, crossing the river on a parishioner's shoulders, discovers the lovers hiding like wild things on the river bank. One glimpse of the crucifix is enough to terrify the superstitious shepherd into flight. Mme. Aimable goes back.

The last scene is superb. All along M. Aimable has offered excuse after excuse for his wife's disappearance. She has popped out to early Mass; she has gone to her mother's. And so when she begs for forgiveness he tells her to be quiet before she makes him think there is something to forgive. The bakehouse cat slinks in. "Look, she went off with some gutter Tom, and has come back. Do you think she will ever run away again?" "Never," sobs his wife. And on that note the sad and comical little story ends. I need only add that Marcel Pagnol's direction, though slow, is brilliant in its fidelity to character and scene, and that Raimu plays the baker superbly.

"Carrefour" might have been just hokum. The fact that it isn't is explained by the resolute refusal of French directors to cheapen melodrama by over-acting, and what is kindly called comic relief. A prefatory note suggests that something like the story actually happened; and for all I know it may have. A rich business man, respected and admired, receives a demand from a blackmailer. He informs the police, the blackmailer is arrested, and a newspaper takes up his story. The business man, it is alleged, is an imposter—a gangster, impersonating somebody killed in the war. With the aid of a kindly stranger he wins his case, after a court-room scene memorable for Otto Wallburg's thumbnail sketch of a German doctor; but this is just the beginning of a plot made absorbing by the sustained intensity of Charles Vanel, and Suzy Prim's *tour de force* as a woman with a past

I sat down to *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle* with some doubts It proved unexpectedly entertaining. If you are old enough to remember the war, and the years just before it, you will have your own memories of the favourites who invented dance after dance and set the whole world moving to them. The Fox Trot, the Castle Walk, the Maxixe, the Tango—the very names bring back memories of lost youth and joys half-forgotten. There was something very endearing about the Castles. This film, acted by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers with a skill that will surprise people accustomed to regard them purely as lightweights, tells their gay, romantic story up to the crash that cut it short on a flying field in Texas.

*"Carrefour": Love and Litigation*

*This film, which is showing at the Curzon, and which our critic reviews on this page, is a web of blackmail and mixed identity. The stars are Suzy Prim and Jules Berry (above), Tania Fedor and Charles Vanel (right)*

***Premiere communion:*** *a brilliantly arranged scene of a poor but gay celebration — the heroine being next to the policeman on the left*

# "Hotel du Nord"

## French Realism Scores Again at the Paris Cinema

*Hotel du Nord* is the new film at the Paris Cinema. It is produced by Marcel Carne, from a story by Eugène Dabit, and is a tale of love in a poverty-ridden quarter of Paris. With the French flair for detail of a kind that is not considered box-office in America, the film reconstructs the atmosphere of despair mixed with devil-may-care gaiety of the slums, and tells of a young couple who make a suicide pact and of how it is broken. *Hotel du Nord* is Annabella's newest French film; she acts with Jean-Pierre Aumont and Louis Jouvet

***Arletty*** *plays one of the poor neighbourhood's amusing characters*

***Annabella and Jouvet:*** *the Comédie-Française actor plays faith-restorer to the slum-girl*

# New York Letter

## By Lorine Pruette

### *Burning Hearts in Washington*

OFFICIAL Washington has always been the scene of struggles for precedence. There was one historic feud between the sister of the Vice-President, who was his official hostess, and the wife of the Speaker of the House, as to which should take precedence of the other. Now the heart-burning is concerned with the British Embassy party on June 8. King George and Queen Elizabeth will be hosts then to more Americans than they will meet at all other occasions during their four-day visit. The guest-list drawn up by the Embassy includes 1300 persons; 900 of these will be officials. 400 others, according to Lady Lindsay, will be "representative of the average American."

Among these average Americans will be J. P. Morgan, John L. Lewis, William Green, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, Mayor LaGuardia and General Pershing. The heart-burning centres around this party, rather than the State dinner at the White House and the musicale in the East Room afterward. My private scouts tell me that there is nothing but grumbling and resentment and that it is no longer a question of the socially ambitious, but of the Press and the Congress; it begins to be clear that something has been badly mismanaged.

People who have heard the King on the air speak of him both admiringly and affectionately, and a good deal of concern is being expressed over the heavy schedule which their Majesties are meeting. Out at the Fair it is expected that the Royal visit will include a luncheon at the Federal Building and a tour of the British exhibits only, which seems like a sensible decision.

### *Beer versus Champagne*

AT one of the very grand parties for royal visitors a young Press agent went up to the bar and asked for a glass of beer. The head of the publicity organisation reproved him, telling him to drink champagne like the rest of the people. But the young man insisted on beer. Across the room the Prince saw him and came over quickly, saying, "That 's what I want, too." So the royal party drank beer, and that made it all right.

### *Sidewalk Summer*

THIS city of stone long ago deprived its denizens of that human birthright, the firm, good feel of the earth underfoot. Even in many of the parks you walk on stone, and the grass and the earth are fenced away as ruthlessly as diamonds in a Cartier window. The pinnacles and towers that push their way into the clouds have also taken the sky away from us; the lights blot out the stars, and when occasionally you catch a glimpse of a slim new moon like a lost ghost up there, or, even more, the refulgence of the full moon back of some skyscraper, these seem like stage properties or anachronisms.

But as the earth turns and the seasons roll over fields and meadows and mountains even New Yorkers have their means of knowing what time of the year it is. One of the pleasanter harbingers of spring have been in recent years the sidewalk cafés. For some time now the bright umbrellas and little tables have been making shy appearances, retreating indoors on inclement days. Our cafés differ from the Continental; they disappear entirely in the chill weather which brings out the little stoves in Paris, and they are usually more protected from the public gaze, and so they do not provide the ringside seat for watching the world go by. But still, they are very nice.

One of the pleasantest is on lower Fifth Avenue, in sight of the Washington Arch, at the old Brevoort. Even in changed hands, and with, unfortunately, a changed cuisine, there remains about the Brevoort a certain soothing quality of age and tradition, and the more affluent writers and artists of nearby Greenwich Village like to meet here for an afternoon drink or Sunday morning breakfast in the sun.

***Irene Castle** was judging the weekly Monday evening waltz contest at the Rainbow Room. Co-judge was New York columnist Danton Walker, and with them (right) is Ruby Walker, the band leader. Winners were a couple who did the old polka waltz. The Irene and Vernon Castle film, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the famous dancers, had its London premiere at the New Gallery ten days ago*

***Adrianne Allen** was playing golf at Glenbrook by Lake Tahoe, down near Reno, with Joffe Whiting, a professional from Burlinghame, California. While Miss Allen played her round under the Nevada sun, her husband, Raymond Massey, still draws crowds and more crowds to see him as Abraham Lincoln in Robert E. Sherwood's play in New York*

### *The Roofs Open*

A SWANKIER indication that summer is coming along is in the opening of the roof-gardens of the smartest hotels. For rather exalted prices you can dine and dance above the city on what seems like the top of the world, or you can step out on the balcony to look at that extravagantly beautiful sight—New York's lighted towers gleaming in the night.

The Viennese Roof at the St. Regis is one of the loveliest places in town. It opened this month with a benefit supper-dance for Mrs. Vincent Astor's favourite philanthropy, the Musicians' Emergency Fund.

The St. Regis is under the direction of Prince Serge Obolensky, who has just returned from Europe, where he has been taking notes on the hotel situation over there.

The Starlight Roof at the Waldorf-Astoria had a gala opening, with Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean and Prince Mihail A. Goundoroff among those entertaining dinner guests. A large party was given in honour of his Highness, the Maharaja of Rajpipla, who has come over to see the Fair. The new English dance craze, "'Neath the Spreading Chestnut Tree," keeps cropping up around town, and at the Starlight Roof the guests gave an exhibition of this which was judged by dance experts, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murray, Georges and Jalna, who are dancing now at the Roof, and the comical Hartmans.

Mr. Rockefeller's jewel in the sky, the Rainbow Room on top of the R.C.A. Building, is open all the year, although it comes under the category of roofs. To be in line it has put on a new programme, with dainty Mary Martin singing a "red-hot and swing" version of "Tit-willow," but not a word about her heart belonging to Daddy. However, she continues to reveal this secret to delighted audiences of *Leave It to Me*. The Rainbow Room has a flowery cocktail lounge where you may sit and watch dusk falling blandly over the city. It has always featured waltzes without ignoring swing. At the recent Monday night waltz contest Lady Decies was an onlooker, the night before she sailed for her magnificent home in Paris. As Mrs. Harry Symes Lehr she was one of the famed hostesses of the pre-war legendary society "400."

*Norman Parkinson*

# Good-Bye, World's Fair!

Throughout May we published a series of pictures specially taken for us in New York by Norman Parkinson. They showed you glimpses of the World's Fair, of its architecture, its sculpture, its amusements, its exhibits—appetite-whetters for a show which New Yorkers claim to offer food for a hundred years' study. Now as the Long Island temperature mounts to egg-fried-on-pavement heights, we close our World's Fair coverage with a salute from one of the coloured commissionaires, immaculate and pleased as Punch in his royal blue uniform with the Fair's badge on his cap

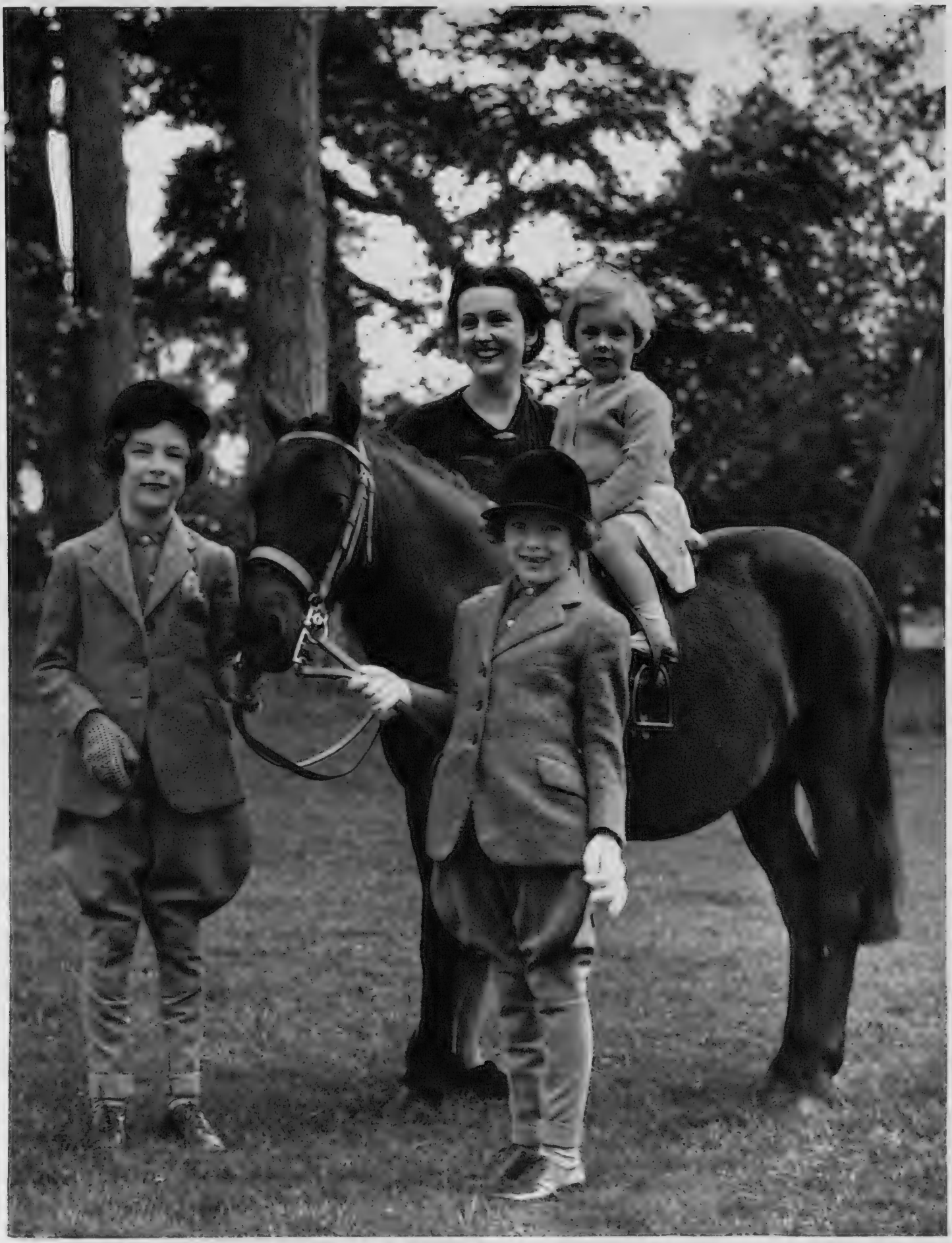
# Oxfordshire Family

## Viscountess Harcourt and Her Daughters Out of Doors at Nuneham Park

***The Dove*** *is a tame one which belongs to Lady Harcourt, and is usually somewhere near her as she goes around at Nuneham Park, often on her shoulder, sometimes on her head. The dogs submit with patronising boredom to its showing-off*

***The pigs*** *are part of the model home-farm livestock. There are also full stables, as Lord and Lady Harcourt hunt with the Bicester and South Oxford, and their daughters have ponies—and also a precious Angora rabbit for their own particular pet*

***Ann and Penelope*** *took a sisterly pose among the giant leaves in the water garden*



***Lady Harcourt*** *has three daughters—Ann, Penelope, and Virginia—who are seven, six, and two years old this year. She is Lord Ebury's only sister, and married the second Viscount Harcourt in 1931. Nuneham Park, their Oxfordshire home, is a lovely Georgian place (1750), with huge state-rooms, and full of fine pictures, furniture, books and curios, many of which are of historical interest. In London the Harcourts live in Eaton Place. Lady Harcourt is chairman of the Gala Evening of Music and Ballet at the Albert Hall on July 5th, in aid of the Radium Institute and Mount Vernon Cancer Hospital. She is working very hard for this, as it is being run without a professional organiser. In the last three years, she and Lady Knollys and their committee have raised over £22,000 for the Hospital and the Institute*

*Carnival: Louise and her artist, Lucien, enjoy the traditional gaiety of Montmartre*

# "Louise"

## The First Film of an Opera

*Louise* makes film history. It is the first straightforward screen reproduction of an opera. For this interesting experiment, Grace Moore and her French unit under Jean Marguéritte chose a romantic neo-Bizet opera—Gustave Charpentier's story of the girl torn between lover and parents, Paris and home-life. It was first played to an appreciative audience at the Opéra Comique in February, 1900, when a Miss Rioton created the (soprano) part now taken by Miss Moore (de la Légion d'Honneur). Maréchal, the tenor, sang Lucien, the artist seducer; his film successor is Georges Thill. *Louise* had its world premiere at the Carlton Cinema last week

*At Home: Louise takes supper in her parents' modest apartment. Compare this still with the meal scene on page 419*

*In Paris: love for the artist and what he stands for tears Louise from her family*

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"Bystander" Short Story

# Heat Wave in 1921

## By Mary Tearle

*Illustration by Kiddell-Monroe*

IF you 've ever been in Huddersfield in a heat-wave, you 'll know what I mean. Because that 's how it was the summer I played the fiddle at the Palace Variety Theatre. The sort of heat you 've got to have known about, and felt trickling in and out your ears, and turning you soft inside so you can hardly read or write. That 's how it was that summer. Afterwards people said to me Gosh how bloody awful to be in a place like that in August, and I said Oh you get used to it you know, you get used to it. But that isn't how I thought. I thought of the red curtains with gold braid, that I used to look straight at from where I played the fiddle in the theatre orchestra, and remembered how in one or two places the gold braid had come unstuck so you could see the dirty dusty red coming through where it wasn't meant to. And I thought of that gorgeous kid with black hair who used to give a kind of sad smile in my direction when she came on to do her act. She did seem sort of lonely, desolate somehow, but then again, that might have been the songs she sang. All about folks down south and fields of cotton. Maybe I liked her because of thinking she must feel so god-awful in a place like Huddersfield, after being in the places she sang about. I mean if she really knew the places she sang about. I never could be sure of that. Not because she never told me, but somehow she had a way of telling things that left me wondering just how true it was, almost as though she was kidding herself, mostly. Of course, all this sounds as if I was crazy about her, but I wasn't. And even if I was, I 'd have made myself believe it was a lot of rot. Looking at you sort of sideways and stroking their silk knees so you 'll fall for it, and laughing right up in your face and saying Oh no *really* Mr. Absalom. (That isn't my name, of course, and neither is Smith or Brown, but I intend to keep that to myself.) And all so you 'll fall for it. But not me. Not any girl at all. But she was a different one, if any girl can be different. At least, I thought so then. Only you don't have to go forgetting it was Huddersfield and god-damned hot. The sort of heat that turns you soft inside. And I had to work like blazes because of thinking I was born to be another Paganini or something. Well *maybe*. Only I thought so then and if you 're only a kid of nineteen like I was and you get something in you that keeps saying how perhaps this is where a young genius is found—I mean that orchestra pit with red curtains and a funny smell everywhere—it makes you almost crazy sometimes.

I TRIED to explain it once to Joe. That was the orchestra conductor's name; I have reason to remember. He was big and yellow-haired with a sunburnt skin that seemed to leave a mark on his white collars. At least that 's how his collars looked all the time, a funny pinkish dirty colour like his skin. He was the ugliest devil, ugly right down inside him too. Its funny how when a fair-haired man is ugly he 's worse than almost any other sort. Anyway Joe said to me one night when we came out after the show Hey my lad what 's the dreary-look-in-the-eyes stuff all about, he said, and I suppose I looked pretty silly standing on the pavement with the heat rising into the moonlight all round, stammering all that rot about Paganini. I think I 'll have Genius one day, I said, I think if I work I 'll really have Genius, but my voice sounded funny and sort of squeaky and he laughed like hell. Threw back his great ugly head and laughed right out at the moon and his fat fingers jingled the money in his pockets. It sounded awful. Then he looked at me and said God Almighty, I thought that shiny calf's eye look in your face must mean you had a girl, but it 's only good old Paganini. God Almighty! he said. Well I did feel a fool. But I suppose it sort of put the idea of girls into my head because after that I must say I thought a bit about Ella. (That 's the girl I mentioned who sang at the theatre.) So when she smiled at me one night that sad desolate way she had I just grinned back. I had an idea she seemed a bit surprised but I thought well if you smile at someone the way she smiled at me every night for weeks without a response, and then suddenly, bang, one comes back at you—well, you 'd feel surprised. But I kept on doing it each night and funnily enough I used to find myself looking forward to it. Not the same way I looked forward to playing my fiddle all to myself late at night after the show. That was a kind of uplift glory-to-God-in-the-highest feeling. But, smiling at Ella, was a different feeling, more shivery, in a way dangerous. And then gradually I used to wait to see her come out of the theatre at night, but that was pretty unsatisfactory, because she 'd come out so quickly, and she never looked to see if anyone might be waiting to see her come out. I suppose she couldn 't have felt the heat the way we felt it that summer in Huddersfield. I mean she 'd hardly have come out of the theatre almost running like that if she had, would she ? Because it was so hot, even at night, that it made you feel soft inside. Well, eventually I bought myself a new pair of socks, because it 's my experience that a little thing like that, even socks, can make you feel the hell of a chap when you need just that bit of extra push. And I walked right up to her outside the theatre that night and said, Excuse me, but I 'd be pleased to see you home or go somewhere for a cup of coffee. Honestly, I believe if it hadn 't been for those new socks making me feel a bit extra, I 'd never have had the nerve. As it was I was so scared when she said yes, she 'd like a cup of coffee on her way, that I stammered like a fool, not knowing what happened next.

WELL, anyway, we found a café open and she had coffee and I had tea, because of someone telling me once it made you cooler afterwards—at least, that 's what they said. She didn 't talk much—just went on smiling that sad, desolate smile, and occasionally telling me I reminded her of a boy she used to know. But that was ages ago, she said, simply ages ago, and she shook her head in a funny way that reminded me of a diver coming up with water in his eyes and trying to shake it out. I told her that, and she said, You are a funny boy, aren 't you, and so I said Well, you 're pretty funny, too, so that makes a couple of funnies. Somehow I began to feel the hell of a fellow after that—sort of gay and terribly witty and brave. Then, after we 'd finished our drinks we went outside, and it seemed hotter than ever. Like a furnace, with the heat mist rising up off the pavements right into the sky. We walked a little way and Ella gave me a quick look sideways and said, Look, I wish you 'd tell me why you wanted to take me out for a drink. Did you see the show to-night, or what ? I wish you 'd tell me. Well, you can imagine I felt sort of surprised, and I said, Gosh, you should know: I 'm the boy you smile at every night who plays the fiddle. I thought she was joking, you see. But she stopped dead in the middle of the pavement and looked right at me. No one had ever looked at me straight and sad like that till Ella did then. And I 'd rather no one ever does again, I know that. She said, Oh, God, how awful! and then she said, Oh, God, I 'm sorry, but I 've never smiled at *you*; it 's Joe I smile at in the orchestra. You see, Joe and I—I mean, well, I go with Joe. . . . Of course, I realised then how Joe and I sat right next to each other in the orchestra, and I didn't know what to say. And she held out her hand very quickly and went away up the street, almost running, like I used to watch her leaving the theatre in such a hurry. You 'll hardly believe that what I thought while I watched her go was to wonder how the hell she could run so quickly like that in the blazing heat. Because even at midnight it was so hot it made you feel soft inside, and I thought, Well, she can 't feel the heat like I do, I suppose. And then I went home and played the fiddle until I felt as sick as a cat, and I think I really was sick sometime that night. I suppose it was the heat or something. Anyway, I know this: that when you see a big, fair-haired man with an ugly face he 's uglier than all the other kinds rolled into one.

THE END.

# Sh - Sh - Sh - Sh -

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE
IS THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE

The Elephants on the Sands: By Edward Seago

This "mixed bathing" picture by Seago was one of those shown in his exhibition at the Medici Galleries, which Lord Derby opened and which closed last Saturday. Seago is known for his pictures of circus and country life and now as a painter of the ballet, also for his two books in collaboration with John Masefield—*Country Scene* and *Tribute to Ballet*. Last autumn he held his first exhibition in New York

# "Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"So I can put yer down as never 'avin' tried to encircle Germany, and yer won't in the future?"

# Opera Glasses

The seats are stalls. The carnation is just a carnation, but the whisky is Johnnie Walker. I may not know much about music, but I know what I like. I like Johnnie Walker. I like its mature mellowness, its distinguished dryness. Did you know that all the finest whiskies of Scotland are in the Johnnie Walker blend? Well, they are.

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# Socialites in the Sun

*Mr. and Lady Ann Elliot*

*Alexander Elliot and his wife went down to Eton for the "Fourth," celebrated on Saturday, the 3rd, in the most perfect weather: hot sun and a strong cool breeze. Lady Ann Elliot is the wife of an Old Etonian, and the sister of another—the Earl of Jersey*

*Ann and Rhoda Heneage-Vivian are two of the three daughters of Admiral Algernon Walker-Heneage-Vivian. They were photographed at their Welsh home, Clyne Castle, near Swansea. Rhoda Heneage-Vivian, the youngest of the three, is a debutante this season, and is having a dance given for her in London on July 5th*

*Miss Ann and Miss Rhoda Walker-Heneage-Vivian*

*Mr. and Lady Joan Newman*

*George Newman's 49 runs and powerful bowling contributed a good deal to Eton's defeat by the Ramblers on the Fourth. His wife, the Earl of Clarendon's daughter, was there to watch the match*

*Baroness Ravensdale, Her Debutante Niece and Etonian Nephew*

*Nicholas Mosley, sixteen this month, is heir to his father, Sir Oswald Mosley, and heir-presumptive to the Barony of Ravensdale. His aunt, Lady Ravensdale, and his sister, Vivien, spent the Fourth with him at Eton. Vivien Mosley is one of the leading 1939 debutantes, is staying for the season with Lady Ravensdale who gave a big dance for her on Thursday night last week*

# Two Singers and a Conductor:

## Photographs by Gordon Anthony, whose exhibition of portraits of

*Nordic Kerstin Thorborg Sang Nordic Parts*

*The Swedish mezzo-soprano who sings in "Götterdämmerung" to-night, and in the closing performance of the international season—"Tristan und Isolde"—on Friday, was born in Delarne, the daughter of a newspaper editor whose interest was music. She was trained at Sweden's top academy—the Stockholm Royal Opera's school—and made her successful debut there in "Aïda," which led to a four-years' contract; there followed engagements at the State Operas of Berlin, Prague and Vienna. Kerstin Thorborg made her Covent Garden debut in 1936, as Fricka in the "Ring" cycle, following which she was immediately signed up for the whole of the 1936-37 season by the Metropolitan, New York; there also she made her debut as Fricka. This part she has sung again this year; her others have been Waltraute and Brangäne*

*Vittorio Gui Conducted*

*Gui, who has conducted Verdi's "Otello," the Covent Garden season, is one of the most energetic reputation as a man of letters with his writings on a musical atmosphere, and wrote a symphonic poem Gui remained six years, winning a State award, Luck came his way as junior chorus-master at conductor, Gui was given the bâton for "La Gioconda." at the Augusteo, was in "Marie de Rohan," at leaving the Scala at Milan after the war to do this. admires and sponsors such un-Italian composers as patriots, Puccini (who in his lifetime regarded Gui*

# a Covent Garden Triptych

## Opera stars opened at the Royal Opera House on June 1st

### *His Compatriots' Operas*

*"Traviata," "Trovatore," and Puccini's "Tosca" for musicians of Italy, besides enjoying a considerable musical subjects. A Roman by birth, he was brought up in at sixteen which excited some attention. At St. Cecilia whereon he composed an opera to his own libretto—"David." Rome's Adriano Theatre when, through an accident to the But his official opera debut, after conducting concerts Turin. Here he has devoted his time to developing opera, He has a reputation for understanding modern music, Wagner and Debussy and Strauss; and among his com- as his best critic and warmest champion) and Leoncavallo*

### *Eva Turner Sang an Asiatic and an African Princess*

*Eva Turner's roles at Covent Garden have been the name part in Puccini's opera of the beautiful Chinese princess Turandot, and one performance of the enslaved Ethiopian princess in "Aïda" (which for the rest of the season was sung by Maria Caniglia). Mme. Turner is at home in Italian opera, though Lancashire by birth, for after fourteen years with the Carl Rosa Opera Company she was given her chance by Toscanini at the Scala, where she made an immediate impression. She remained there for four years, scoring her greatest success in "Tosca," and being commanded to sing before the Queen of Italy. At the end of this period she came home to make her Covent Garden debut in this same part of Turandot. Her other notable roles are Isolde and Brünnhilde*

*Cannons of Hollywood*

# The Lady Brigid Guinness—Debutante of 1939

Lady Brigid Guinness, nineteen this year, is the youngest of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh, and was presented at a March Court by her mother. Her parents own Elveden Hall, in Suffolk, Pyrford Court, near Woking, a London house in St. James's Square, a place in Co. Dublin, and a house in Dublin as well, so her debutante setting can be a pleasantly varied one. The political atmosphere generally predominates in her parents' entertaining, and both her sisters are married to M.P.'s. Lady Honor Channon's husband has represented Southend since Lady Iveagh's retirement, and is P.P.S. to Mr. R. A. Butler. Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd married, last December, Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P. for Mid-Beds., and P.P.S. to Mr. Ernest Brown. She has one brother, Viscount Elveden, whose wife is the Earl of Listowel's sister

# Four More 1939 Debutantes

*Miss Dinah Brand* — *Catherine Bell*

*Dinah Brand, born in 1920, is the daughter of the Hon. Robert Brand, of Eydon Hall, near Rugby, and 61, New Cavendish Street. Her mother, who was Viscountess Astor's sister, died in 1937. Lady Astor is chaperoning her debutante niece, presented her in March, and gave a dance for her a month ago at the Astors' house in St. James's Square, as she did for Dinah's sister, Virginia, when the latter came out. Mr. Brand is Viscount Hampden's brother, and one of the leaders of the banking world: he is also a director of the "Times," and a Fellow of All Souls. Both his daughters hunt and go racing, and Dinah is also very musical*

*Miss Ann McMorrough Kavanagh* — *Pearl Freeman*

*Ann McMorrough Kavanagh is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh, of Court Garden House, Uley, Gloucestershire. She still has her presentation before her, as her mother is taking her to a July Court. But her dance is over: her mother and her aunt, Mrs. McMorrough Kavanagh, and Mrs. Arthur Barclay, gave a joint one at Stanhope Gate on May 15th, for Ann Kavanagh, her cousin, Rolline Kavanagh, and Jean Barclay. Her father used to command the 11th Hussars, and is an Equerry to the King*

*Miss Betty Blake* — *Lenare*

*Betty Blake (christened Lavinia Elizabeth) is the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Com. R. W. Blake, R.N., and Lady Twysden, of Downton Lodge, Hordle, Hants., and is eighteen this year. On May 19th her mother gave a dance to celebrate her coming out and the coming-of-age of her brother, Sub-Lieut. Michael Blake, R.N., and her stepbrother, Sir Anthony Twysden, Bt., who is in the Royal Irish Fusiliers*

*Miss Annelise Petschek* — *Pearl Freeman*

*Annelise Petschek is a Czechoslovakian girl who is doing the London season this year with an Irish debutante, Ursula Wyndham-Quin, daughter of Com. the Hon. Valentine and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Petschek. They have taken Invercauld in Aberdeenshire from Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson for August and September. After her visit to Scotland, Annelise Petschek is going to Oxford, to Lady Margaret Hall*

# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

## Kenya Before the Reds

By V. S. Pritchett

THIS week's novel is unquestionably Mrs. Elspeth Huxley's *Red Strangers* (Chatto and Windus; 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is the story of a group of the Kikuyu of Kenya from the 'nineties, just before the white man came—or rather "the Reds," or "red-faced," as they called us—until the present day. I realise that many will shy from such a subject. I myself began it with a grim conscientiousness, but at once one sees *Red Strangers* is a highly original and captivating book, neither the old district commissioner stuff nor the new Uncle Tom in his nice Marxist cabin. And it doesn't belong to the arty-crafty ex-Wesleyan revivalism of the D. H. Lawrence kind. One might describe it, without condescension, as anthropology without tears. Mrs. Huxley has written a semi-fictional social history of the tribe before and during the crisis which broke up tribal life:

> Now cattle are tended by women, and girls go to draw water from the river without fear. There are no hyenas here any more, for all corpses must be buried, so there is nothing for them to live on. The Serkali eats taxes like a hungry lion, and the hut-tax is indeed a great burden; but people forget what it was like to flee from the Masai in the forest and to hear hyenas feeding close at night in famine times. . . . But the young men do not agree."

The complete cycle is there. At the beginning Waseru is consulting his witch doctor about a curse that is on his land; and later stands unflinching while rats bite his nostrils in a trial by ordeal; at the end, forty years later, a young man rebels against the Christian missions, joins a new sect which permits the revival of polygamy and female circumcision, and calls his daughter Aeroplane. The true originality of Mrs. Elspeth Huxley is in confining herself to the Kikuyu point of view. We know what we think of native races: we do not know what they think of us; and anthropology is only beginning to tell us what they think about themselves. We were the red men, with magic bamboo sticks which killed at a distance. We appeared not to sit, but to support our buttocks on a piece of wood floating in the air. We bewildered by the loutish rumpus of our indelicate lives, smashing up the Kikuyu pattern, but not like other conquerors, driving off the cattle. Neither our good nor our evil was comprehensible. When Muthengi, the young warrior, submits, it is against his will and against his understanding. He can explain things to himself only by saying the reds have a stronger magic. In the end they make him rich and powerful, and he rules in a world where shady lawyers, mimic capitalists, quarrelsome Christians, and the red man's diseases and gadgets prevail in anarchic individualism over the old corporate order where there was no ruler but the "generation Mwangi."

Mrs. Huxley is a grave and serious writer. Naturally by this I do not mean there is no comedy in the book—there is plenty. For example, a very funny baptism into the polygamous church. She writes with dignity and without artiness or archness. Though her people are types, and not characters, for history is greater than life, their intrigues are as fascinating in intricacy and suspense as the plots of the Borgias.

THIS is the hey-day of the feature-writing journalists. By the refugee trains, the planes convertible into bombers, by ammunition lorry, they career about the world, recounting the sinister bubbling of the cauldron boiling up for war. They are personal, autobiographical, sensational and prophetic; and their united despair grows as they move from the surrender at Munich to the massacre of Spain. *Days of Our Years*, by Pierre Van Paassen (Heinemann; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is an individual newcomer. A Dutchman, fanatically Protestant, and brought up to be a pastor in a strict provincial sect, he was influenced by the socialists and the now famous de Ligt, the apostle of passive resistance. Proselytism in Canada, and the War, drove him from the church. He became a journalist by accident and had a roving commission over Europe in the 'twenties in the interests of the gaudier and most irresponsible school of American journalism. Sex, the flag, and murder—to put Northcliffe's theory in refined language—was the line. He was beaten up in Dachau, got a masperpiece of cynicism out of Marshal Lyautey, had a poltergeist in his house outside Paris, was in Czecho-Slovakia, Morocco, Spain and Abyssinia during the War. Passion and the cynicism of the hard-bitten journalist are mixed up in him. He has dug up a great deal of sinister material about the war-time mutinies, and his picture of Abyssinia is scarifying and unconventional. Wild and sweeping as he is, at times, he has a more convincing philosophic background than his competitors in this field; and he is enormously readable.

*Artist Grand Duchess*

*The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, sister of the late Tsar Nicholas, is giving an exhibition of her landscapes and flower paintings at Walker's Gallery, Bond Street, from next Monday, 19th, with a private view this Friday. Proceeds will go to the Russian ex-Servicemen of the former Imperial Army with whom the Grand Duchess has kept in touch since her days as a nurse at the front. She and her husband and two sons now live in Denmark, the country of her mother, the Dowager Empress Marie, Queen Alexandra's sister. She and her husband run a farm. At her last exhibition in London in 1936, every picture was sold, and at The Hague and in Belgrade, with more recent exhibitions, she repeated her astonishing success*

SO is Mr. Vincent Sheean of course, though, perhaps, because *The Eleventh Hour* (Hamish Hamilton; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is a second venture, it has not the same force of personality. Prague, Vienna, Spain, Paris and London—he was in all the betrayals and tragedies of the last two years. He is telling a much-told story picturesquely and with indignation against the decadence of the democratic powers. We are not worth saving, he says, but the Americans, by force of tradition, will no doubt come in and clear up our dirty work. The passages reporting the retreat from the Ebro struck me; they are good war correspondence, with some sharp portraits.

I DO not know that Mr. W. J. Turner was wise to continue his autobiographical extravaganza into a third volume. It is fatal to get used to an acrobat. However, he continues to blow his Airbubble—that cool, expansive, eccentric character—through siesta, vision and hemisphere. *The Duchess of Popocatepetl* (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is as indescribable as the other books. The elder Blow is seen sitting on his pillar conceiving aerial flight and being devoured by vultures; his somnolent son goes with Freudian frequency down tunnels and corridors at the end of which are Persian gardens, good advice, dull poetry, and an unusual quantity of obliging girls. People like T. E. Lawrence and Mr. Turner's friends drop in for a word, while he declares for the æsthetic life, birth control, the Church of England, and the sexual habits of an irresistible Miss Shaw. Mr. Turner is an intuitive and eccentric writer, brilliant when in form, tedious in lapses. One fears for the ever-approaching epigram or anecdote. Will it come off? "Only men are actors. Women never act; they are exactly what they seem to be." Yes, that has succeeded, and so do a dozen other fragmentary anecdotes, bits of vision and argument succeed. One dips away, maddened, yawning, enchanted at this irresponsible escapist who has such moments of devastating good sense.

NOVELS for the library list:

*My Cousin Justin*. By Margaret Barrington. (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

*East of Eden*. By I. J. Singer. (Putnam; 8*s.* 6*d.*).

*Look at the Clock*. By Nina Abbott. (Duckworth; 8*s.* 6*d.*).

# Fashion as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

*Heathcote*

WHEN the sentimentally-minded sigh for the glory that was Ascot, shake their heads over the elegant little frocks that clear the grass in the Enclosure by seventeen inches and generally bewail a lost tradition, the best answer is "But look at evening dresses." For what could be more romantic and charming than this wraith-like white chiffon gown? You will find it at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The waist is clasped by a "belt" of shining sea-shells and flat coral-like beads. Bracelet and necklace she must have gathered from the sea-bed, for they are made of pearly white shells, pale and gleaming as the silvery shell she holds. *(These are obtainable a little nearer than the bottom of the sea—in the Debenham jewellery department, to be exact.)* Imagine yourself in this frock at summer balls; how ethereal you will look; how you'll love those floating draperies! It's a frock as cool and romantic as moonlight, and it will give you something of the lovely inscrutability of moonlight, too. So when you want a change, and a frock unimaginably *un*like anything you have ever had before, you must try the lure of the sea. Interpreted thus, it is very potent

# Current Investments

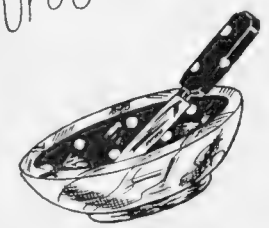
THESE investments will pay you a dividend in style. And so far as Fashion is concerned, " Braemar Preferred " is a real gilt-edged security, for the dividends are continual, and at a regular and extremely high rate. They are a " wise buy " at any time. Just now is the time to amass stocks. You 'll need them for sports right through the summer, and when you 're reserving a berth on the Night Scot in August you can congratulate yourself on your magnificent foresight. You see by the pictures on this page how versatile the Braemar jumpers are. At the top, a classic cardigan over a tennis outfit, and next to it a simple jumper to wear under your tailormade. Immediately above is an informal picture of a cashmere " shirt." See how well it looks topping navy slacks. Of course, you can have it in any of the Braemar colours. For all your match-making games a Braemar skirt is the ideal foundation. These are made in soft tweeds to match the jumper colours exactly. One of the styles is shown on the right; the cardigan, in the same colour as the skirt, fastens high, and you 'll find it unbeatable on the golf course for sheer, smart efficiency. Braemar jumpers can be bought at most shops, or Innes, Henderson, Hawick, will let you know your nearest agent

*Scott Bushe*

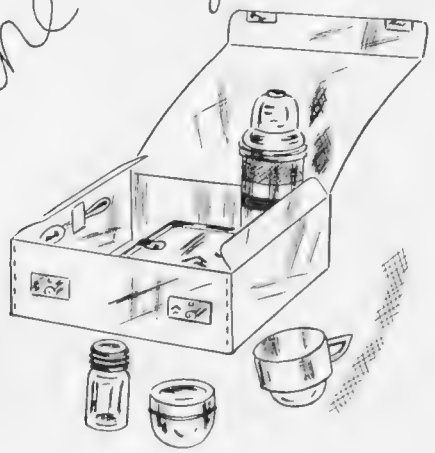
# The Bystander turns in search of Novelties

discovered by peta

pictured by pam



*For cheating at bridge, if your social integrity will stand the strain, Dickins and Jones, of Regent Street, have the piqué collar below, at 4s. 9d.*



*The early morning touch: white dots on pastel-enamelled wood will cheer up the breakfast table. Put your butter on a glass "saucer" which fits into the spot-lined container. With a knife to match, 3s. 6d., from Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, and to be found on the lower ground floor*

*If a guest "goes Garbo" on you and wants to be alone, pack him off with fishing-rod and this neat leather picnic case, especially designed for one person. Good, too, for lone pilots and motorists who fly-by-night between London and Edinburgh—or on any occasion when you're afraid you may get separated from the luncheon basket. (John Pound, 268, Oxford Street)*

*A collapsible tea trolley—perhaps better described as a trolley which can be disintegrated, for it certainly is not "inadvertently collapsible." Anyway, it all takes to pieces in the most obliging manner and fits into a box the size of the trays. Cellulosed, and in pastel colourings, 12s. 6d., from Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road*

*For days when you feel crisp and severe, Dickins and Jones' barrister collar, with stiff piqué jabot, and heavy cut-out embroidery, 9s. 6d.*

*Another Dickins and Jones' inspiration—white piqué collar with Mr. Chamberlain's instrument of non-aggression poised in front. 3s. 9d.*

# Gardener's Chronicle

## June Gala

## By R. C. Jenkinson

### *Irises and Others*

LAST week I made a verbal sketch, with plan, of an iris garden. Now for a few names of plants to go into it. I think it best to select one variety in each colour section and concentrate on it. There is only one excuse for having two varieties which are very similar, and that is difference in time of flowering.

Among the taller irises I put Aline at the head of the list of the light blues: it is self-coloured, a lovely clear lavender blue, very sweetly scented, and of sturdy habit. For dark royal purple, Johanna and Duke of Bedford are good enough for anybody, of magnificent form and constitution, rich in colour, the latter flowering slightly later. Millie Grove is a charming medium dark blue, with a small white beard and a delicious scent: the flowers are not over large, but it is fairly tall, and is a really good garden iris. Marjorie is one of the best of the bi-colours, with dark purple falls and bluish-mauve standards, a fine large flower and a plant of strong branching habit.

Here I had better explain an iris flower. The standards are the three large upright petals, the falls are the three pendant ones; while the beard—hence the name bearded irises—is that furry stripe which runs from the top of the fall into the centre of the flower.

Mrs. Valerie West has a lovely flower, with velvety deep reddish-brown falls and light smoky purple standards with a golden beard, while one of the best mauve pinks is the tall self-coloured Malvena, with a small white beard.

The finest light-coloured irises are some of those raised by the late Mrs. Dykes. To give only a small selection, I will name Sabra, a very large soft grey-blue; Joyance, large ivory white with a brilliant orange beard; Priestess, palest grey; Rhadi, light-grey standards and pale pinkish-brown falls with dark veins—an impossible flower to describe; Britoness, pale creamy sulphur yellow; Querida—I have just learnt that this is the Spanish for My Dear—pale yellow washed over with light mauve, a lovely delicate shade of colour.

For yellows there are G. P. Baker and Porrima, both fine clear flowers, and incomparable Golden Hind, of medium height and flowers of the purest golden yellow with an orange beard.

Amongst the dwarfer bearded irises, Louis Bel is the darkest I know, rich velvety-black purple, with the falls even darker than the standards. Amber is the best of the yellows, while Rialgar has yellow standards, with the falls marked with purplish brown on a yellow ground. Aquamarine describes itself; Wedgwood is Tyrian purple throughout, while Harmony is a good dark blue.

This list is personal, as, indeed, any colour list must be, and the only way to get what you want is to go to an iris garden and write down the varieties that you like. In choosing, be careful to take varieties with a sturdy stem that will not flop over: the loveliest flower in the world is no good lying on the ground.

### *Shrubs*

AZALEAS are in their hey-day. The mollis-sinensis varieties are just going over: these are the large-flowered Japanese hybrids in yellow, salmon-pink and flame, such as Dr. Oosthoek, Mrs. L. J. Endtz and Christopher Wren. Then come the Ghents, with smaller brilliantly coloured flowers; the Occidentales, white, more or less flushed with pink or yellow, and that wonderful strain of azaleas raised by the late Anthony Waterer at Knap Hill: their colours range through whites, scarlets, pinks and pale yellow, to the brightest flame. Flowering as they do, later than the mollis hybrids, they are much less susceptible to frost.

Hardy rhododendron hybrids are in full splendour, from the rich violet Purple Splendour, the white, black-eyed Sappho, literally dozens of pinks, to the crimsons of B. de Bruin and G. A. Sims. New hybrids come—and will go. Were I confined to only one hybrid, I would choose one of the oldest of all, the indomitably hardy Fastuosum flore pleno, with semi-double flowers, of lovely clear pale mauve. I have just seen a lovely bit of colour planning: the latter planted with Purple Splendour, the large-flowered white Mrs. Lindsay Smith, and pale and deep yellow seedling azaleas. This was set against a background of fir-trees at the corner of a lake, facing west, and in the evening light it formed as pretty a picture as you can imagine.

AMID all this galaxy of rhododendron and azalea, there are two or three other shrubs which claim equal notice. I live in Surrey, yet in a neighbour's garden I saw yesterday the Chilean Fire Bush, Embothrium coccineum, in full blaze of vermilion tubes. Plant it young and leave it where its roots are in the shade of other shrubs, and can get plenty of moisture while it can grow into the eye of the sun.

A shrub par excellence to grow with it—in front of it—is Ceanothus Veitchii, as I once saw done. The Ceanothus is sky-blue—the perfect foil to the other's vermilion—and is itself about the best shrub in flower at the moment, ten feet high and as much through. Another lovely combination is the blue ceanothus, pink diervilla, such as Styriaca or Conquête, and pure white viburnum, double or single, coming down in front to the rich violet-pink of Cistus purpureus and the velvety white of Cistus populifolius var. lasiocalyx.

This afternoon I was in a garden planted by my hostess with considerable knowledge and taste: an old rose-red wall ran down to a stream and at the juncture was a small triangular bed planted with Yucca gloriosa—stiff, iron-green, sword-like leaves—and among them the spears of Eremurus Elwesianus—pale pink and eight feet high, and the perfect complement to the austerity of the Yuccas, whose spire of white bells will come in August.

Rosa Hugonis could hardly be bettered even in this season which is particularly distinguished for the amount of flower given us by all trees and shrubs. Its arching branches are wreathed in yellow flowers: I would like to plant half-a-dozen bushes of the rose in front of a wall or trellis covered by the double-flowered form of wistaria: this is in full flower also, hanging bunches of Parma violets most deliciously scented, and as I know it trailing along and across a pergola, very pleasant to walk beneath.

***Lilium Giganteum:*** *the giant lily from the Himalayas has emerald green, heart-shaped leaves, from the centre of which spring ten-foot stems bearing up to twenty white, pendant trumpets, marked with purple inside the tube. Give it deep, rich soil and increase it by taking the offsets which form round the flowering bulb*

# The Duchess and the Babies

Early last week an effort in gunnery by a Mr. Lawlor put the Duchess of Kent suddenly in the news. Her guard was increased, so was her attendance of press photographers. But of the numerous pictures taken, none was so attractive as this heat-wave group at the Chelsea Babies Club. H.R.H. is president of the club, attended in official capacity the annual sale of produce in Danvers Street, looked quite as cool on the hottest June day in three years as the enviably undressed youngsters

# Social Register

SEVEN WEDDINGS

*Mr. Raimund von Hofmannsthal and Lady Elizabeth Paget*

*Raimund von Hofmannsthal is the son of the late Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the Austrian poet and dramatist, and Mrs. Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Lady Elizabeth Paget is the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey. They were married quietly at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, with no bridesmaids and no reception, and have gone motoring on the Continent for their honeymoon*

Bassano

*Miss Hilda Browne and Mr. J. N. Kirke*

*A quiet country wedding, at Farnborough Park, Hants., was that of John Nigel St. George Kirke and Hilda Viola Walker Browne, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. W. Browne, of Greyburns, Farnham, Surrey. The bridegroom is the elder son of the new Inspector-General of the Home Forces, General Sir Walter Kirke, and Lady Kirke*

*Mr. Bernard Petre and Miss Jean Menzies*

*Bernard Petre, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Petre, of 35, Edwardes Square, W.14, and Jean Menzies, only daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Menzies, of 29, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3, were married at Brompton Oratory. The bride's father is Hon. Physician to the King and L.C.C. Medical Officer of Health*

*Mr. Keane and Miss Olivia Hawkshaw*

*Richard Michael Keane is the son of Sir John Keane, Bt., and Lady Eleanor Keane, of Cappoquin House, Co. Waterford, and 107, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8. Olivia Hawkshaw is the daughter of Oliver Hawkshaw, of Chisenbury Priory, Wilts., and the late Mrs. Hawkshaw. They were married at Chelsea Old Church, and are honeymooning in Greece*

*Mr. John Curzon*

*Another country wedding Curzon, only son of the late and Mrs. Curzon, of Lock-Aimée Youngson, only T. W. Youngson, and Mrs. Angus. They were married*

*Mr. Martin Roundell and Miss Louise Corrie*

*Martin Roundell, younger son of Christopher F. Roundell, of 15, Sussex Square, W.2, and the late Lady Maude Roundell, and Louise Corrie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. G. Corrie, of Furleigh, South Brent, Devon, were married at Chelsea Old Church*

A CHRISTENING

*John Byng Oswald Carleton Paget and His Parents*

*Mr. and Mrs. Guy Carleton Paget's son was christened at St. Joseph's, Roehampton, from the home of his mother's parents. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, of Ibstock Place, Roehampton. She and her husband moved at the beginning of the year to a new house at Little Tew in Oxfordshire which they have called Ibstock Close*

AN ENGAGEMENT

*and Miss Youngson*

*was the Angus one of John Major ' Francis Curzon, ington Hall, Derby, and daughter of the late Major Knox, of Colliston Castle, at St. Mary's, Arbroath*

*Miss Bonham Carter and Mr. Ridley*

*Jasper Maurice Alexander Ridley and Cressida Bonham Carter are leaving the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, after their wedding. He is the Hon. Jasper and Mrs. Ridley's eldest son ; she is the daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham Carter*

*Sir Giles Loder and Miss Marie Symons-Jeune*

*Sir Giles Loder and Marie Symons-Jeune are being married on July 11th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Sir Giles Loder had just come back from camp with the Sussex Yeomanry and was staying with his fiancée's parents. Captain and Mrs. Symons-Jeune, when this snapshot was taken at Runnymede House, Old Windsor. The Dalmatian, Zara, belongs to Marie Symons-Jeune. He owns a beautiful place in Sussex, Leonardslee, near Horsham*

# Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

## Vive la France—Also Great Britain

If anybody ever doubted the value, and the enjoyment, of international golf, it is sincerely to be hoped that such sceptics were taken to Bramshot for the Great Britain v. France match. Value seems rather a heavy word, and yet it must surely count for something that sixteen women from two great nations should spend the best part of a week under the same roof and do friendly battle with each other in the very best and most sporting of spirits.

Anyway, the delightful atmosphere of everybody enjoying themselves is the impression which remains most vivid—that and the lovely golf of Mlle. Lally Vagliano. Lovely it truly is to see her swing the club, imparting the sort of thrill that comes from watching exquisite dancing, skating, or any other movement in which balance is supreme. There used to be almost too much lissomeness, but age—Mlle. Lally has just turned eighteen—has cured that, so that there is snap and punch too. It is not all a matter of style, either; she gets the results, and she has developed the temperament, until the conclusion is inevitable that here is a great golfer in the making, not merely an extremely good player who will be forgotten as soon as her hey-day is over.

In the morning foursome she made a few mistakes; so did Mme. Lacoste, after their flying start with a birdie 3; and Miss Anderson and Miss Corlett were in no mood to refuse chances. The Scottish Champion only made three slips, two of which Miss Corlett expunged by recovering dead for the right figure; Miss Anderson covered the pin time and again with shots up to it, and 4 and 3 were no more than Britain's deserts. But in the singles, Mlle. Vagliano gave no chances. To be five up at the seventh, and then to feel them slipping away, might have demoralised anyone, but there was no demoralisation; Miss Corlett had to come home in 35 to halve that match, and the French girl was round in 77. If anyone used to say that Miss Corlett could not fight if she were down, I hope they have eaten their words with apologies and cheers. I have for one.

Mme. Lacoste's golf also filled eye and mind with content. She has increased her length enormously since the day that she won the British Open Championship—that was 1927 at Royal County Down, when she was Simone de la Chaume—without losing any of her short game, which was a most pointed weapon both morning and afternoon. It was a very fine performance of hers, that win from Miss Jessie Anderson in the singles, for the Scot had been so convincing in the morning, and was obviously full of confidence in her new-found putting. If one talks incessantly of putting, it must not be assumed that the rest of the game was poor, only that it was so perfect as to be taken as read, like a meeting's minutes. The power of the putt may be exaggerated, but it does win the hole, and in the afternoon it was Mme. Lacoste who rammed them down.

Mrs. J. B. Walker seems to have played pretty well faultlessly with Miss Gourlay for their win from Mlle. de Rothschild and Mme. Strauss (who used to be Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, and is always so welcome over here); if the same cannot be said of Mrs. Wylie's and Miss Joy Winn's play, when getting soundly beaten by Mme. Barton and Mme. Paul (Monique Fay), it seems a little unkind to blame them. Mrs. Wylie was left out of the British side when at the height of her fame, and thrust in now when she has had little chance of first-class golf; Miss Winn has been in the forefront for many years, and nobody can be expected to take kindly to playing for Britain after nearly twenty years of championship golf without doing so.

Truth compels the admission—ungracious as it may seem when the side has won—that the selection committee missed a golden chance. British golf is bristling with young players who will have to be our team against America over here next year, and in 1942, when we visit the States; this was the chance to get the youngsters used to the fierce international limelight, instead of focussing it on players who cannot hope to improve any more, even if they have not been already superseded by the younger ones. Mme. Vagliano teaches us a lesson that way, and it is only to be hoped that some day we shall learn it. We had a splendid Scottish captain in Mrs. J. B. Watson, but she could only play the players given her; the fault lies with the selection committee, and, further back still, with the selection of the selection committee. However, Miss Pam Barton, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Wylie, Mrs. Rhodes did their bit in the singles; no doubt the selectors will say: "We won 6½ to 2½: what more do you want?"

To which the answer is: "To train up the young material so that we can do the same against America." In three years' time, which of those eight will be the slightest use to take across the Atlantic? Not more, I fear, than three, at the outside.

Bramshot was the ideal course, not only a superb test of golf, but because of its dormy-house, so that both teams stayed in comfort on the very spot.

Space lacks for the other pleasant places visited this week: Calcot, with its most interesting ladies' and pros.' competition for the *Reading Gazette* trophy, when one could watch Henry Cotton in peace, and realise how well Miss Scott and Kenyon played to win with a net total of 139 for thirty-six holes; Hadley Wood, where the Vesta meeting provided a triumph for Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman in the scratch and British resident class, and for Mrs. A. Taylor from Royal Sydney, in the Overseas' resident; Camberley Heath, where Hampshire blotted Surrey's copybook, without preventing their qualifying to play Bucks in the sub-divisional final.

And so to Northern Ireland, the Home internationals, and the British Ladies' Amateur Open Championship.

***The French team** in the ninth women's international golf match held this year at Bramshot was (standing) Mme. J. A. Barton, Mme. J. Gaveau, Mme. R. Paul, Mme. R. Lacoste; (sitting) Mlle. C. de Rothschild, Mlle. Lally Vagliano, Mme. A. Strauss, and Mme. A. M. Vagliano, the non-playing captain. They lost by six matches to two with one halved*

***The British team** which beat the French at Bramshot was (standing) Mrs. Rhodes, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Joy Winn, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Miss Jessie Anderson; (sitting) Mrs. Wylie, Miss Pam Barton, Mrs. J. B. Watson, the non-playing captain, and Miss Elsie Corlett. Miss Helme covers the match on this page*

*Make a note of the date! Saturday June 24th*

# THE GREYHOUND DERBY

AT

# WHITE CITY

# J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

## Looking Back on Hoylake

THE playing conditions at Hoylake during the Amateur Championship this year were decidedly easy, with the exception of the morning of the final, when there was a fresh wind blowing from the west. This means, for the benefit of those who know the course, that the second shots at the first hole had to be played dead into the wind. When the third hole was being played in the final rain fell, and it looked as if the players and spectators were in for a good soaking. Fortunately the rain blew over and the playing conditions became pleasant, and during the morning more testing than at any other time during the week. After lunch the wind fell and the players had only the slightest breeze to compete with.

Alas! Once again the Amateur Championship was played on an inland course. The fairways at Hoylake were covered with a strong growth of luscious grass, full of clover, on which the ball lay teed up, consequently, it was possible for even the less good golfers to take a driver, instead of a brassie, through the green whenever they desired to do so. There were no such things as close bare lies from which only a good shot can get satisfactory results. The greens were as true as grass greens ever can be, but were slow and dead easy to pitch on to as well as putt on. There was no possible chance of anyone, even the most ham-handed of putters, running past a hole out of holing distance, and when you missed from two yards you felt that you had made just as serious an error as when you miss from two feet on ordinary greens.

The course was played from tees which gave it a length of well over seven thousand yards, and it played long, as there was little run on the ball owing to the inland character of the fairways. There was nothing in the least unfair about the great length, except that to get the extra length it was necessary to increase very considerably the walks from greens to tees, which meant that playing a round was a very tiring performance and very hard work for even the long hitters. I thought that at several holes the distance from the tee to the fairway had been adjusted most admirably. A well-hit shot—and nothing but a well-hit shot—reached the fairways, and those who failed by the narrowest margin to get a proper grip of the ball found themselves short and in long grass.

In the final, when a wind of any force was experienced for the first time during the week, the tees at the twelfth and fifteenth holes were most sensibly put further forward and the back tee at the sixth was only used in the morning. I do not believe that it is strictly legal to change a teeing ground in the middle of a match, but it was certainly a very sensible thing to do.

OF all the people I talked to at Hoylake only two (both of them officials of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club) were in favour of the alteration, which was made shortly before the championship, of the old local out-of-bounds rule. The penalty at Hoylake for as long as I can remember has always been, until this year, loss of distance only, but this year players were penalised loss of stroke and distance, and this change certainly made some matches less good than they would have been under the old local rule.

I am convinced (and it is rather a strange thing to write) that Hoylake, with the loss of distance penalty, is a much better course for a match play event than Hoylake with the loss of distance and stroke penalty. At Hoylake it is possible to go out-of-bounds at every hole on the course, and at six holes you can go out-of-bounds with a not very bad shot. The penalty of stroke and distance made many matches less interesting, and also tended to give advantage to those who deliberately played pawky. There were at least two incidents which showed very clearly that the rule should be loss of distance only, and the winner, Alex Kyle, was concerned in both of them. In the match, Kyle *versus* Bruen, the latter in the odd hit his second over the copse into the field out-of-bounds, and then Kyle very sensibly made no effort to go for the green, but deliberately played well to the left away from the boundary.

Now if the penalty had been loss of distance only, Kyle would have been forced to play for the green if he wished to win the hole, and, in doing so, might possibly have gone out-of-bounds himself. The other case was in the final, at the third hole. Here Duncan pulled his second out-of-bounds and then Kyle, as any sensible man would do under similar circumstances, deliberately played right away from the boundary, well to the left of mid-off's left hand. There were many cases where a man was conceded the hole after only playing one bad tee shot, and the hole was thus decided before the players had left the teeing ground—to say the least an unsatisfactory state of affairs. At the sixteenth hole a certain gentleman missed his tee shot and then topped his second a few yards, and these were the only shots he was required to play to win this hole.

Surely a solitary bad shot should not make it absolutely certain that the hole will be lost, but this is what regularly does happen if the one bad shot ends out-of-bounds on a course where the penalty for this mistake is loss of stroke and distance.

IF the penalty had been loss of stroke and distance at Hoylake at the time B. Darwin played his world-famous nineteenth hole, what a lot of fun would have been missed by the world of golf, and the name of B. Darwin would most probably be found among the winners of the Amateur Championship. On this occasion, after his opponent had gone out-of-bounds, Darwin proceeded to put ball after ball out-of-bounds until his supply of balls was expended. He is then reputed to have searched his pockets in vain and to have turned his bag upside-down and shake it in the hope that a ball would appear, and some even say that he then turned his caddy, who was a small boy, upside-down and shook him.

Unfortunately neither Darwin nor bag nor boy could between them produce a ball, and, consequently, the match ended. If the penalty had been loss of stroke and distance Darwin would not have been tempted to go for the green, but would surely have played pawky and won his match. He must look on the change of local rule at Hoylake in very much the same way as Cyril Tolley must look on the removal of spectators from the back of the seventeenth green at St. Andrews, and wish, like Tolley, that those in authority had acted a bit sooner.

*The Summer Meeting of Lloyd's Golfing Society at Rye*

*V. A. Dunkerly is captain of the L.G.S.; he is with J. M. Whittall, who won the "Stableford" singles round*

*I. Ayscough and R. G. Bonnalie were runners-up in the foursomes, to Ashwell and Lewis*

*Captain F. M. Carlisle, hon. secretary of the Society, is with A. C. Sharman, who came second in the "Stableford" with 34¾ points*

*S. W. Bullock and D. F. Hepburn played together in the foursomes; the former is president of the L.G.S.*

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# Summer Time is Flying Time

## By Charles Ward

FINE weather during May caused the most spectacular increase in the number of new pilots. Service figures are not known, but the Royal Aero Club reports the issue of 584 aviators' certificates, compared with 48 for the same period last year. Most of the new pilots have been trained under the Civil Air Guard scheme, which can be regarded now, as quite definitely a success. More 'planes and instructors are becoming available each week, so that the monthly total of flying may be expected to increase still further as summer advances.

THE sport of gliding has benefited considerably by a small measure of Government support and a big effort by the pioneers amongst the Clubs. At the London Club annual general meeting it was stated that nearly 1600 hours of gliding and soaring were logged during the past year, including flights for 203 certificates. The Club's assets are valued at £9000, of which a small part covers nineteen sailplanes and primary trainers with the necessary gear. Two full-time instructors are employed, with a third on duty when the Air Defence Cadets are in camp.

BETWEEN May 26th and June 4th, ten additional Cadet Squadrons were registered, so if this rate of one a day were maintained the Air League would establish its 200 Squadrons by August, instead of March next year as originally planned. Thirty of the 140 units formed, have been organised with the help of local schools. The Corps Committee has been granted the privilege by the Air Council of nominating boys for the R.A.F., either as apprentices or boy entrants.

EVENTS of the month include a Conversazione on June 16th in the Royal Aeronautical Society's new home at 4, Hamilton Place. This most attractive house has been decorated and furnished with great taste. One of the amenities of the premises is the garden behind and the view across the park. On Saturday next the municipal airport of Derby is to be opened officially. The Fleet Air Arm will be seen "in action" with the new "Skua" fighter-dive-bombers from H.M.S. Ark Royal. Having climbed to some 15,000 ft., they will dive at high speed to an altitude of about 2000 ft. and simulate releasing their bombs on a target. This will be followed by a converging low attack, in which the Squadron divides into three groups, each converging on the target and subjecting it to simultaneous bombing from three different directions. Finally, the Squadron will demonstrate the art of landing on an aircraft-carrier.

(*Concluded on page* ii)

*A Supermarine "Walrus" amphibian, photographed when about to come alongside a cruiser off Malta. This aircraft had been launched by catapult and would be hoisted inboard by crane.*

CLOTHES that are built by hand and cut by artists cannot be bought cheaply.

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In England, the same sum will buy thirty good suits. Two at a time are more normal—equivalent to about as much as such a car will now fetch second-hand.

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# This England . . .

*Pelynt, Cornwall*

THE weather-lore of the people has centuries of experience behind it, though perforce it is but local—just as Authority's decree is general. The sunrise tells much, strong colours, high dawns or over-much clarity portending rain or storm. As do indeed the movements of the beasts—do they not say that madly-squeaking swine can "see the wind" ? For the townsman there is chimney smoke that plunges back to earth, old Fido's sluggishness, the flies' attachment to the ceiling, or the clarity of stars seen over-night. And if, despite all, the rain should catch you summer-clad, or sudden sun parboil you in your cautious coat, there is your Worthington to save or soothe. For this, too, is come by centuries of observation of man's need—in every aspect that our climate wears.

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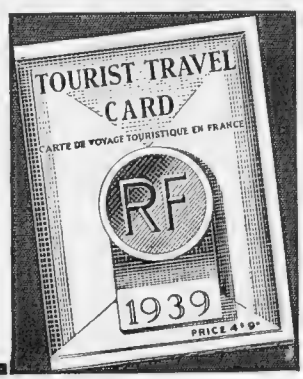


## Summer Time is Flying Time

*(Continued from page 450)*

### *R.A.F. News*

THE ferry pilot of the last war had one of the most interesting jobs in the air. It was his task to fly new machines from the factories to the squadrons which would use them, or to bases such as St. Omer and Marquise in France, from which depots squadron pilots would take over their delivery. Ferry pilots were chosen from those who had been wounded in action or had some disability which prevented them from being of value over the lines, but did not interfere with their skill in straight flying. There was an opportunity to take up any and every type, so that the job was much in demand. Since the last war, ferrying as a job had not been revived in the Service until quite recently. Civil pilots have had interesting flights with both military and commercial types to foreign countries and the Dominions. C. W. A. Scott, Rex Hayter, and Neville Stack are some of the free lances who have specialised in this type of work. R.A.F. ferry pilots of to-day are young men, accustomed to the multiplicity of knobs and gadgets that are assembled in a modern cockpit. The "veterans," of forty or more, hold senior posts which require qualities other than mere skill in flying. In the old days, ferry pilots came back to their pool by surface transport, or, if they were lucky, there might be an obsolete type to fly home from France. On a few occasions at the end of the war, a Handley Page twin-engined bomber was used as a 'bus to ferry the ferry pilots. The modern equivalent of the 'bus is a trooper, which can carry twenty people with their kit. Hundreds of aircraft have to be delivered each week, and during the recent fine weather, some pilots have flown an average of 1000 miles a day on this work, handling two or perhaps three new 'planes a day.

*The son of General Chang Hseuh Liang, second in command to Chiang Kai-Shek of the Chinese Forces, is now learning to fly at the Air Service Training School, Hamble. This is Britain's air university, where students from all parts of the world prepare for an aviation career*

### *Air Travel in Comfort*

A SPACIOUS cabin, clever sound insulation, luxurious appointments, a window opposite each seat, and vibrationless travel make the de Havilland "Flamingo" more comfortable than the best Pullman rail-coach. Seats have adjustable head-rests, and high-wing design allows an unobstructed view downwards. The ingenious ventilation system is adaptable for hot, cold, or temperate climates, supplying cooled or warmed air as required. Luggage is stowed in a large compartment aft, whilst late-fee mail, delivered just as the aircraft is about to take off, can be slipped into a special locker in the bows of the craft, in front of and below the pilot. All-round outlook from the cockpit is a notable feature of design, providing additional safety when flying in the vicinity of crowded aerodromes or in bad weather. The first air transport company to use a "Flamingo" air liner is likely to be Jersey Airways, which operates over-sea services between London and the Channel Islands. At present their fastest type is the de Havilland "Express," designed some years ago and belonging to the period when biplanes were in fashion over here.

### *For the Tasman Sea*

THREE flying-boats built by Short Brothers are soon due to leave for Australia. Crew and mails are accommodated on the upper deck, whilst the lower has three spacious saloons, with headroom going up to nine feet. The volume contained in the hull is nearly 10,000 cubic feet, equivalent to the capacity of four of London's double-decker 'buses. Within the air-conditioned interior, protected against noise and vibration by many clever devices, passengers will travel at three miles a minute in comfort and security, performing in a few hours a journey which by ocean liner takes several days. Four Bristol "Perseus" sleeve-valve engines provide the power, giving a maximum of 3600 horse-power for take-off. Maximum speed is 200 m.p.h., at a height of 5500 ft., with operational cruising speed at 160 m.p.h. Take-off in "no-wind" conditions occupies 23 seconds

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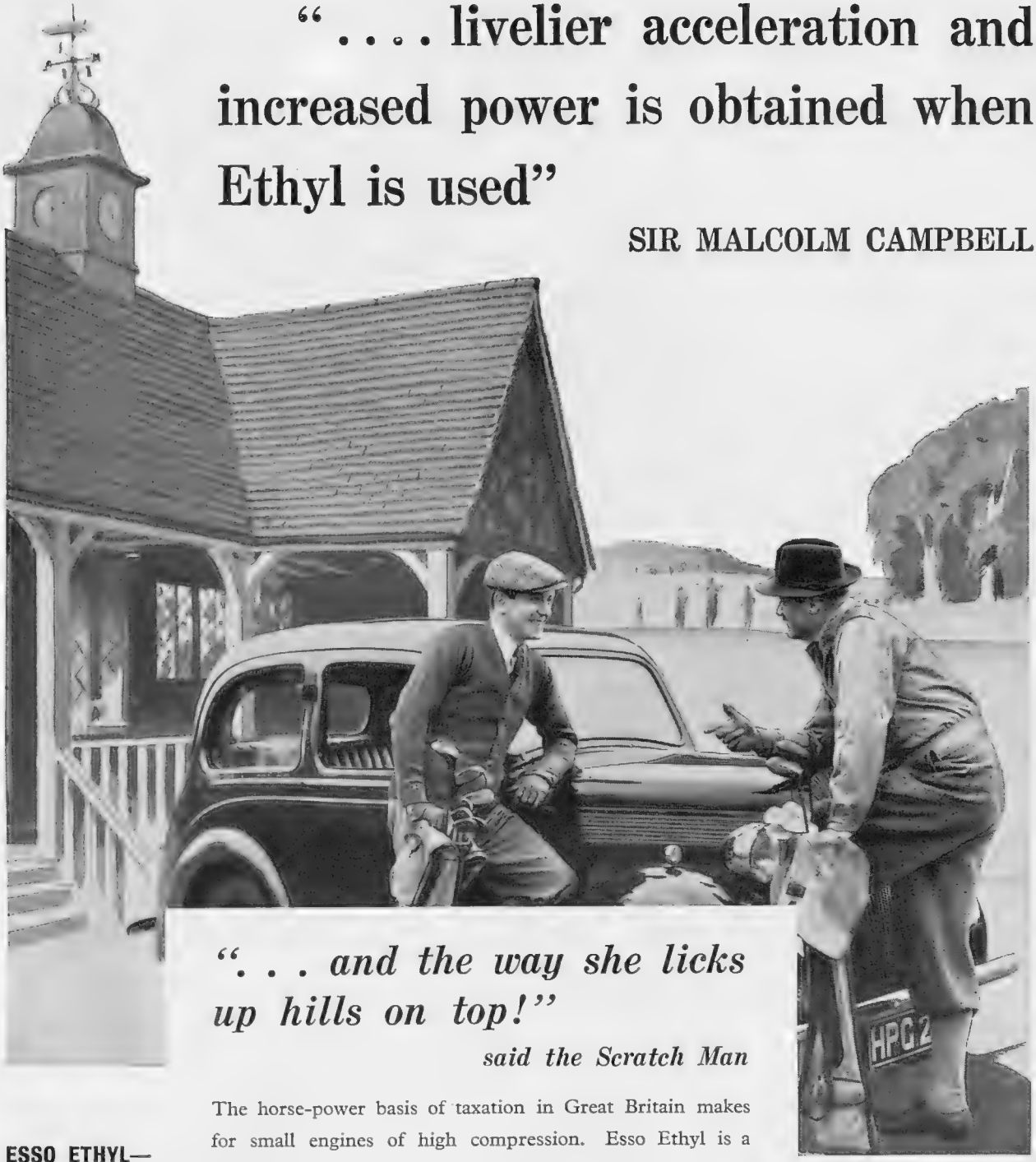


## *"...and the way she licks up hills on top!"*

*said the Scratch Man*

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# Motoring Commentary

## By Alan C. Hess

I CANNOT find words to express adequately my admiration of the epic achievement of Major Gardner and the M.G. Car Company in capturing the Class G (1100-c.c.) records at such fantastic speeds. For a 12-h.p. car to attain a fraction less than 207½ m.p.h.—faster than any other car in the world of less than 3-litres capacity—is indeed an engineering triumph of the first magnitude.

By no means the least gratifying aspect of this effort to those who, like myself, are apt to grow weary of the spluttering arc-lights and strip headlines associated with such enterprises by other countries, was the modest, workmanlike way in which the show was carried out. One warming-up run down the road, and then the first record sprint; an imperceptible delay, and then the minute projectile came screaming back, having averaged over the two runs, 203·5 m.p.h. for the flying kilometre; 203·2 m.p.h., for the flying mile; and 197·5 m.p.h. for five kilometres; and having on one run clocked the quite astonishing speed of 207·4 m.p.h.

When you consider that this speed equals almost exactly the land-speed record of the late Sir Henry Segrave in 1927, with two aeroplane engines totalling some 45 litres, this stout-hearted little baby car's effort will be better appreciated.

Immediately after the run, the little M.G. engine was taken down for official measurement, after which the cylinders were bored out to give a capacity of 1500 c.c.; and two days later, Major Gardner again took the wonder car out on the Dessau autobahn to attack Class F records, capturing the kilometre at 204·2 m.p.h., the mile at 203·8 m.p.h., and the five kilometres at 200·6 m.p.h. On this occasion the driver was considerably hampered by a 20-m.p.h. cross-wind; nevertheless, one run was accomplished at 206·3 m.p.h.

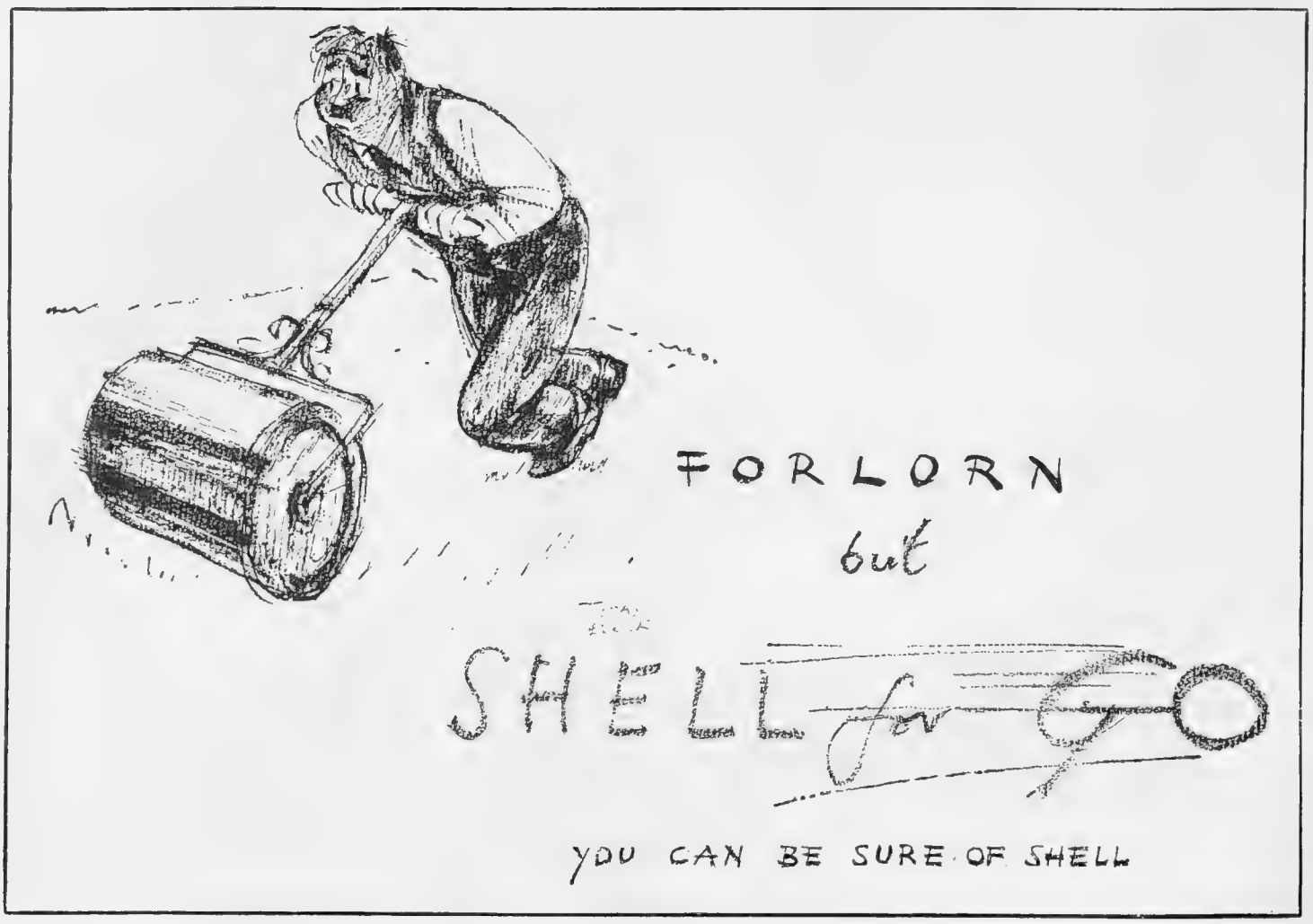
With international class records, there is a tendency to acclaim new figures and then to forget about them until someone else pops up and betters them. Let no Briton forget these wonderful M.G. records, however, for you may be quite sure that the brains behind the German and Italian cars will not easily forget them! In both these countries, new 1500-c.c. engines are being developed in anticipation of a reversion to the 1½-litres international formula in 1941; and it is certain that strenuous *state-subsidised* efforts will be made to take these records from us. And as these endeavours materialise we shall, I predict, have yet more reason to be proud of and grateful to Viscount Nuffield, the M.G. Car Company, and Major Gardner for their part in putting Great Britain on top.

Among other equipment used by Major Gardner were Dunlop tyres and wheels, Lucas electrical equipment, Wolseley axles, Shell-Mex and B.P. fuel, S. Smith and Sons instruments, radiator and tanks by Morris Motors, Ltd., and Triplex ("Perspex") windscreen.

***The Scottish Rally:*** *this scene on the Kenmore-Amulree section exemplifies the rough going discussed by Mr. Hess in this article. The leader here is G. L. Boughton, in the Vauxhall which won the coachwork prize for two-door closed cars, Class 1 (B)*

THE Scottish Rally this year was really hard work. Though the weather was

(Concluded on page vi.)



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## Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* iv)

absolutely flawless throughout, many miles of narrow, unclassified roads had to be traversed. On these the dust lay inches thick after a three-weeks' drought, and those of us in open cars who had to follow behind other competitors, unable to stop to let those in front get farther ahead, because a caravan of other cars was trailing on behind, and there was no room to pass, really did not find the experience particularly funny! Likewise, some of the roads were very rough, and cars which were entered primarily for the coachwork competition at the end had to be driven very slowly, all of which was rather irritating for those behind, and almost entirely eliminated the possibility of getting enough time in hand to stop for a picnic luncheon—which had been such a popular feature of previous Scottish Rallies.

As to the tests, I would just like to suggest to the organisers for another year, that they would do well to remember that, when competitors are called upon to accelerate up to something like 80 m.p.h., and then brake hard to stop in a 10-ft. wide enclosure 80 yards in length, it is only fair to those competitors to mark the extreme end of the braking area adequately. This year, many drivers were quite unable to see the end of the "box," as it was defined only by a thin piece of wood placed across on trestles and at a height out of range of most drivers travelling fast.

THE Coachwork Competition provided further successes for a number of cars which had previously won in the R.A.C. Rally at Brighton. My own Jensen was again runner-up to the new open Daimler which Crouch drove so brilliantly in the tests, and as the Daimler went on to capture the premier award for the best open car in the Rally, I feel that an implied compliment to the Jensen was paid in the closeness of our markings in our class.

*Mrs. Roy Eccles negotiates a corner at Glasgow in her big grey Daimler, which won the coachwork prize for four-door closed cars, Class 3 (C)*

The full coachwork results were as follows:

PREMIER AWARDS

OPEN CARS: R. S. Crouch (Daimler). TWO DOOR CLOSED CARS: L. Gordon Wilkins (Darracq). FOUR-DOOR CLOSED CARS: W. F. Watson (Lagonda). DROP-HEAD COUPÉS: Lord Waleran (Lagonda).

CLASS PRIZES

OPEN CAR, CLASS 1 (A): Basil Roy (B.S.A.). OPEN CAR, CLASS 2 (A): W. P. Maidens (Rover). OPEN CAR, CLASS 3 (A): Donald Healey (Triumph). OPEN CAR, CLASS 4 (A): R. S. Crouch (Daimler). TWO-DOOR CAR, CLASS 1 (B): Geoffrey L. Boughton (Vauxhall). TWO-DOOR CLOSED CAR, CLASS 5 (B): L. Gordon Wilkins (Darracq). FOUR-DOOR CLOSED CAR, CLASS 1 (C): W. A. McKenzie (Vauxhall). FOUR-DOOR CLOSED CAR, CLASS 2 (C): Stephen H. Collier (Riley). FOUR-DOOR CLOSED CAR, CLASS 3 (C): Mrs. Roy Eccles (Daimler). FOUR-DOOR CLOSED CAR, CLASS 4 (C): C. M. Simpson (Daimler). FOUR-DOOR CLOSED CAR, CLASS 5 (C): W. F. Watson (Lagonda). DROP-HEAD COUPÉS, CLASS 2 (D): Dr. J. H. B. Round (Wolseley). DROP-HEAD COUPÉS, CLASS 3 (D): S. J. Clutterbuck (Rover). DROP-HEAD COUPÉS, CLASS 4 (D): Charles Buckley (Alvis). DROP-HEAD COUPÉS, CLASS 5 (D): Lord Waleran (Lagonda).

SHELSEY WALSH was brilliant. The weather held, and blazing sun burnt into the roadway and brought the tar to the surface on the corners of the S-bend and at the start, so it may be taken as a tribute to the skill of the drivers that the climbs were not characterised by any really major incident, and the many vicious-looking slides which developed were neatly checked.

Raymond Mays's 37·37 seconds was rock-steady, and Miss Dorothy Turner's run, in which she took the record from Kay Petre by three-tenths of a second, was equally well-judged.

A HECTIC week finished up in gala mood at the tremendously successful Morris Rally at Donington Park, attended by some 2000 cars, and not fewer than 5000 Morris enthusiasts. All sorts of fun and games were on the programme, from a gymkhana to a Concours d'Élégance. A special prize was awarded for the competitor who had travelled the greatest distance to be present at the "do." This, not surprisingly, was carried off by Mr. G. Jolly, who looked in on the affair from Shanghai.

The festivities wound up with a ceremony at Donington Hall in the evening, at which the prizes were presented by Captain George Eyston.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

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# The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

### Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

## May Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

| Player. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handi-cap. | Net Score. | Scratch Score. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Miss Ogilvy | Stoke Poges | 82 | 15 | 67 | 76 | 9 below |
| Miss Mallender | Purley Downs | 76 | 9 | 67 | 74 | 7 " |
| Mrs. Keeble | Tunbridge Wells | 78 | 15 | 63 | 70 | 7 " |
| Mrs. Armitage | Alwoodley | 77 | 9 | 68 | 74 | 6 " |
| Miss D. James | Northamptonshire | 82 | 14 | 68 | 74 | 6 " |
| Mrs. W. Waring | Hamilton, N.Z. | 81 | 15 | 66 | 72 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Kelly | Huyton | 85 | 18 | 67 | 73 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Cotterell | Chevin | 84 | 18 | 66 | 72 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Henderson | Exmouth | 83 | 18 | 65 | 71 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Rider | Addington Palace | 77 | 8 | 69 | 74 | 5 " |
| Mrs. Ker | North Downs | 74 | 9 | 65 | 70 | 5 " |
| Mrs. Morland | Birkdale | 84 | 13 | 71 | 76 | 5 " |
| Mrs. Walker | Derbyshire | 85 | 16 | 69 | 74 | 5 " |
| Mrs. Scott | Heswell | 85 | 17 | 68 | 73 | 5 " |
| Miss Druitt | Gullane | 78 | 8 | 70 | 74 | 4 " |
| Miss P. Purchase | Beaconsfield | 82 | 11 | 71 | 75 | 4 " |
| Miss Crawford | Birkdale | 84 | 12 | 72 | 76 | 4 " |
| Miss B. Stead | Camberley | 82 | 13 | 69 | 73 | 4 " |
| Mrs. Saunders | Littlestone | 84 | 16 | 68 | 72 | 4 " |
| Mrs. Black | Ranelagh | 80 | 18 | 62 | 66 | 4 " |
| Miss C. Lyon | Aberdeen | 77 | 4 | 73 | 76 | 3 " |
| Miss Goldsworth | Birkdale | 78 | 5 | 73 | 76 | 3 " |
| Miss Tilston | Warrington | 79 | 8 | 71 | 74 | 3 " |
| Miss Harland | Hockley | 81 | 12 | 69 | 72 | 3 " |
| Mrs. Hankey | Tandridge | 82 | 12 | 70 | 73 | 3 below |
| Mrs. McKay | Royal Melbourne | 84 | 15 | 69 | 72 | 3 " |
| Miss Heeley | Chadwick Manor | 90 | 17 | 73 | 76 | 3 " |
| Mrs. Clarke | Northampton | 88 | 17 | 71 | 74 | 3 " |
| Mrs. Deeth | Bombay Presidency | 85 | 17 | 68 | 71 | 3 " |
| Mrs. McCarthy | Stoke Poges | 91 | 18 | 73 | 76 | 3 " |

## Bronze Division (19 to 36)

| Player. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handi-cap. | Net Score. | Scratch Score. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs. Mitchell | Prestbury and Upton | 96 | 36 | 60 | 75 | 15 below |
| Mrs. Galbraith | Congleton | 91 | 36 | 55 | 68 | 13 " |
| Miss Renshaw | Springhead Park | 92 | 27 | 65 | 76 | 11 " |
| Miss Hoare | Penzance | 95 | 35 | 60 | 70 | 10 " |
| Mrs. Knowles | West Middlesex | 99 | 36 | 63 | 73 | 10 " |
| Miss Pitts | Goodwood | 83 | 19 | 64 | 73 | 9 " |
| Miss Humphrey | Chigwell | 93 | 28 | 65 | 74 | 9 " |
| Mrs. Locking | Beverley | 94 | 30 | 64 | 73 | 9 " |
| Miss Kauntze | Sherwood Forest | 101 | 36 | 65 | 74 | 9 " |
| Mrs. Dickinson | Cardiff | 98 | 36 | 62 | 71 | 9 " |
| Miss Mason | Cooden Beach | 92 | 24 | 68 | 76 | 8 " |
| Mrs. Barton | Frilford Heath | 93 | 28 | 65 | 73 | 8 " |
| Mrs. Hellon | West Lancashire | 92 | 28 | 64 | 72 | 8 " |
| Mrs. K. V. T. Wilson | Ringway | 85 | 20 | 65 | 72 | 7 " |
| Mrs. E. Smith | Chadwick Manor | 90 | 21 | 69 | 76 | 7 " |
| Mrs. Wilkinson | Harborne | 96 | 28 | 68 | 75 | 7 " |
| Mrs. Bentley | Milngavie | 97 | 29 | 68 | 75 | 7 " |
| Miss Wheeler | Worcestershire | 97 | 30 | 67 | 74 | 7 " |
| Mrs. Burton | Bromborough | 99 | 32 | 67 | 74 | 7 " |
| Dr. Madge Hopper | Tyneside | 98 | 32 | 66 | 73 | 7 " |
| Mrs. Robinson | Northenden | 99 | 33 | 66 | 73 | 7 " |
| Miss Thomson | Troon Burgh | 108 | 36 | 72 | 79 | 7 " |
| Mrs. Wood | Shirley Park | 102 | 36 | 66 | 73 | 7 " |
| Mrs. McKinley | Beverley | 86 | 19 | 67 | 73 | 6 " |
| Miss Darling | Bamburgh Castle | 90 | 24 | 66 | 72 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Walker | Balmore | 94 | 26 | 68 | 74 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Jones | Langland Bay | 90 | 27 | 63 | 69 | 6 " |
| Miss M. Graham | Horsforth | 97 | 28 | 69 | 75 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Beverley Baxter | Addington | 98 | 29 | 69 | 75 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Francis | Jodhpur | 97 | 33 | 64 | 70 | 6 " |

*The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon Sec. of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-24, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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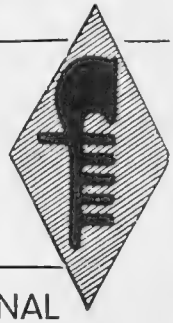

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*F. André · Managing Director. Same management as in Casino Municipal, Cannes, in Winter.*

# JAY'S SUMMER SALE COMMENCES ON GREAT BARGAINS

WELL-TAILORED CREPON BLOUSE with cravat collar and two neat pockets. In ivory, duck-egg, pink, brown, navy.

USUALLY 21/6 **SALE PRICE 15/6**

BLOUSE DEPT.—1st FLOOR.

A USEFUL AND WELL-CUT DRESS in iron dry Crepon with webbing, belt to match, in a variety of lovely colours including lilac, turquoise, pink, yellow, sea green, fuchsia and white.

USUALLY 69/6 **SALE PRICE 59/6**

YOUNG LADIES' DEPT.—2nd FLOOR.

A MOST BECOMING FROCK—a copy of an original French model—in silk crêpe de chine, with coatee attached to bodice. In a large selection of smart colours with contrasting belt and white pique flowers.

USUALLY 12½ Gns. **SALE PRICE 6½ GNS.**

SECOND FLOOR—DEPT. 17.

VERY USEFUL AND SMART EVENING GOWN AND COATEE made in black, wine and royal blue crêpe armure. Coatee trimmed with fur on sleeves. Exceptional value.

USUALLY 16½ Gns. **SALE PRICE 10½ GNS.**

SECOND FLOOR—DEPT. 16.

# JAY'S LTD.

# CLEARANCE SALE

## MONDAY JUNE 19th

## IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

WELL-TAILORED DRESS IN CRÊPE JERSEY pleated all round and finished at the waist with contrasting flowers. Navy, black, storm blue, ice blue, pervenche, fuchsia, grey, dust pink, beige, sand and moss green.

USUALLY 10½ Gns. SALE PRICE 6½ GNS.

KNITWEAR DEPT.—GROUND FLOOR.

75 WELL-TAILORED TWEED COATS in a large selection of designs and attractive colourings, suitable for town or holiday wear. Lined throughout. Remarkable value.

USUALLY 6½ Gns. SALE PRICE 78/6

COAT DEPT.—GROUND FLOOR.

YOUTHFUL BLOUSE IN PRINTED TUSSORE with attractively tucked front and Peter Pan collar. In wine, navy, saxe, with white spots.

USUALLY 25/6 SALE PRICE 19/6

BLOUSE DEPT.—1st FLOOR.

A DELIGHTFUL SPOT CRÊPE 2-PIECE cut on simple lines. With shadow pleats in skirt, revers and sash in white silk pique. Colours: cherry/white, navy/white, black/white, powder blue/white.

USUALLY 6½ Gns. SALE PRICE 98/6

YOUNG LADIES' DEPT.—2nd FLOOR.

# REGENT ST., W.1

# Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

*Curling — Bonham*

*Bryan W. R. Curling, elder son of Brig.-General and Mrs. Bryan J. Curling, of Vernon Hill House, Bishop's Waltham, Hants., and Elizabeth Mary Bonham, only daughter of the late Major Sir Eric Bonham, Bt., and Lady Bonham, of Crudwell, Malmesbury, Wilts., were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields*

*Parsons-Smith — Johnston*

*Basil Gerald Parsons-Smith and Aurea Stewart Johnston were married at St. John the Baptist, Windlesham. He is the only son of Dr. and Mrs. Basil Parsons-Smith, of Lincoln House, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, and she is the daughter of W. Stewart Johnston, of Wood Hall, Sunningdale, Berks, and the late Mrs. Johnston*

*Puttock — Wilson*

*John Seppings Puttock and Mary Elizabeth Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Wilson, of 39, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, were married at St. Mary's, the Boltons. The bridegroom is the son of the late Rev. Edward Puttock, and Mrs. Puttock, of Halwill, Devon*

*Kennard — Borrer*

*Lieut. John Nicholl Kennard, R.N., younger son of Captain H. J. Kennard, R.N. (ret.), and Mrs. Kennard, of the Haining, Polmont, Stirlingshire, and Ann Claire Borrer, daughter of Clifford D. Borrer, and the late Mrs. Borrer, of 197, Cranmer Court, S.W.3, and the Old Manor House, Cley-next-Sea, Norfolk, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge*

*Wemyss — Blake*

*James R. Wemyss, Frontier Force Rifles, son of the late Vice-Admiral E. W. E. Wemyss, and Mrs. Wemyss, of Knowles Tooth, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, and grandson of Major-Gen. H. M. Wemyss, of Wemyss Hall, Cupar, Fife, and Isabel Betty Blake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Blake, of the Red House, Betchworth, Surrey, were married at St. Michael's, Betchworth*

*Burgess — Stabb*

*Squadron-Leader Laurence Washington Burgess, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Burgess, of 68, Palace Court, W.2, and Josephine Alexandra Stabb, second daughter of the late Sir Newton Stabb, and Lady Stabb, of Farnham Hall, Saxmundham, Suffolk, were married at Chelsea Old Church*

*Wyatt — Scott Barrett*

*Left: Colin W. ff. Wyatt, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wyatt, of 14, Cavendish Square, W.1, and Mary Scott Barrett, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. Scott Barrett, of St. Nicholas, Kingswood, Surrey, were married at St. Mary's, Burgh Heath. The bridegroom is an International ski-jumper, and also an artist*

*Right: Edward Bruce Eccles and Helenora Charlotte Crompton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Crompton, of Dunkirk House, Devizes, Wilts., and Skipton-in-Craven, Yorks., were married at Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore. The bridegroom is the son of E. E. Eccles, of Foyers, Woodlands, near Southampton, and the late Mrs. Eccles*

*Eccles — Crompton*

## Getting Married *(Continued from page D)*

*Lenare*

### *Penelope Mary Dumas*

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dumas, of Little Missenden House, Bucks., and is to marry Patrick Trevor Plunkett, son of Judge Oliver Plunkett, Colonial Service, and Mrs. Plunkett, of Partney Hall, Lincolnshire, and nephew of Sir Trevor Wheler, Bt.*

*Harlip*

### *Gwendoline Alma Gifford*

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Gifford, of Formeth House, Castle Douglas. She has announced her engagement to Frederick H. W. Moncreiff, younger son of the late James Hamilton Moncreiff, and Mrs. Moncreiff, of Okden, Colinton, Scotland*

*Lenare*

### *June Pawle*

*Is the elder daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Hanbury Pawle, of Great Amwell, Ware, Herts. She is engaged to Bevil Geoffrey Britton, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Britton, of Monken, Hadley, Herts.*

*Fayer*

### *Adelaide Mary Walker*

*Is the only daughter of Archibald Walker, of Newark Castle, Ayr, and the late Mrs. Walker. She is to marry Alexander Rose Tulloch, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Tulloch, of Westburn, Monkton, Ayrshire*

*Lenare*

### *Elisabeth Clare Leach*

*Is engaged to Robert R. P. Spens, younger son of W. P. Spens, K.C., M.P., and Mrs. Spens, of Crookfoot, Ashford, Kent. She is the daughter of the late G. C. Leach and Mrs. Leach, of Sibton Park, Lyminge, Kent*

*Fayer*

### *Islay Campbell Holland*

*Is engaged to Lieut. Charles K. S. Aylwin, R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Aylwin, of Treyford House, Knutsford, Cheshire. She is the only daughter of Maj. and Mrs. Ernest Holland, of 10, Princes Gardens, S.W.7*

(Concluded on page F)


# WEDDING PRESENTS

GIVE

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IT LASTS A LIFETIME

Beautifully illustrated Catalogues showing a full range of Prince's Plate Spoons, Forks and Household Plate will be gladly sent.

PRINCE'S PLATE is the natural choice of those who know and appreciate a thoroughly good article. The polished Oak Cabinet illustrated contains a complete service of Prince's Plate Spoons, Forks and "Trustworthy" Cutlery for 8 people, and as a Gift for Bride or Bridegroom would reflect very sound judgment.

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LONDON

MANUFACTORY THE ROYAL WORKS SHEFFIELD

## Getting Married *(Continued from page E)*

Pearl Freeman

*Hedwig von Landesberger-Antburg*

*Hedwig Katharina von Landesberger-Antburg, elder daughter of the late Professor Julius von Landesberger-Antburg and Frau von Landesberger-Antburg, is engaged to Alexander Francis Morley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morley, of Upper Wimpole Street, W.1*

Bassano

*Myfanwy Holman*

*Myfanwy Rina Dorcen Holman, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Holman, of 7, Holland Villas Road, W., is engaged to Herbert Lionel Devitt, second son of Dr. and the late Mrs. H. P. S. Devitt, of Hereford House, Park Street, W., and The Pytle, Gerrards Cross*

Fayer

*Jean Bullen*

*Jean Burnett Bullen, only daughter of the late W. A. Bullen and Mrs. Bullen, of 18, Lindfield Gardens, N.W.3, is to marry Victor Michael Graham de Vic Carey, elder son of Mr. Victor G. Carey, Bailiff of Guernsey, and the late Mrs. Carey, of Le Vallon, Guernsey*

Lenare

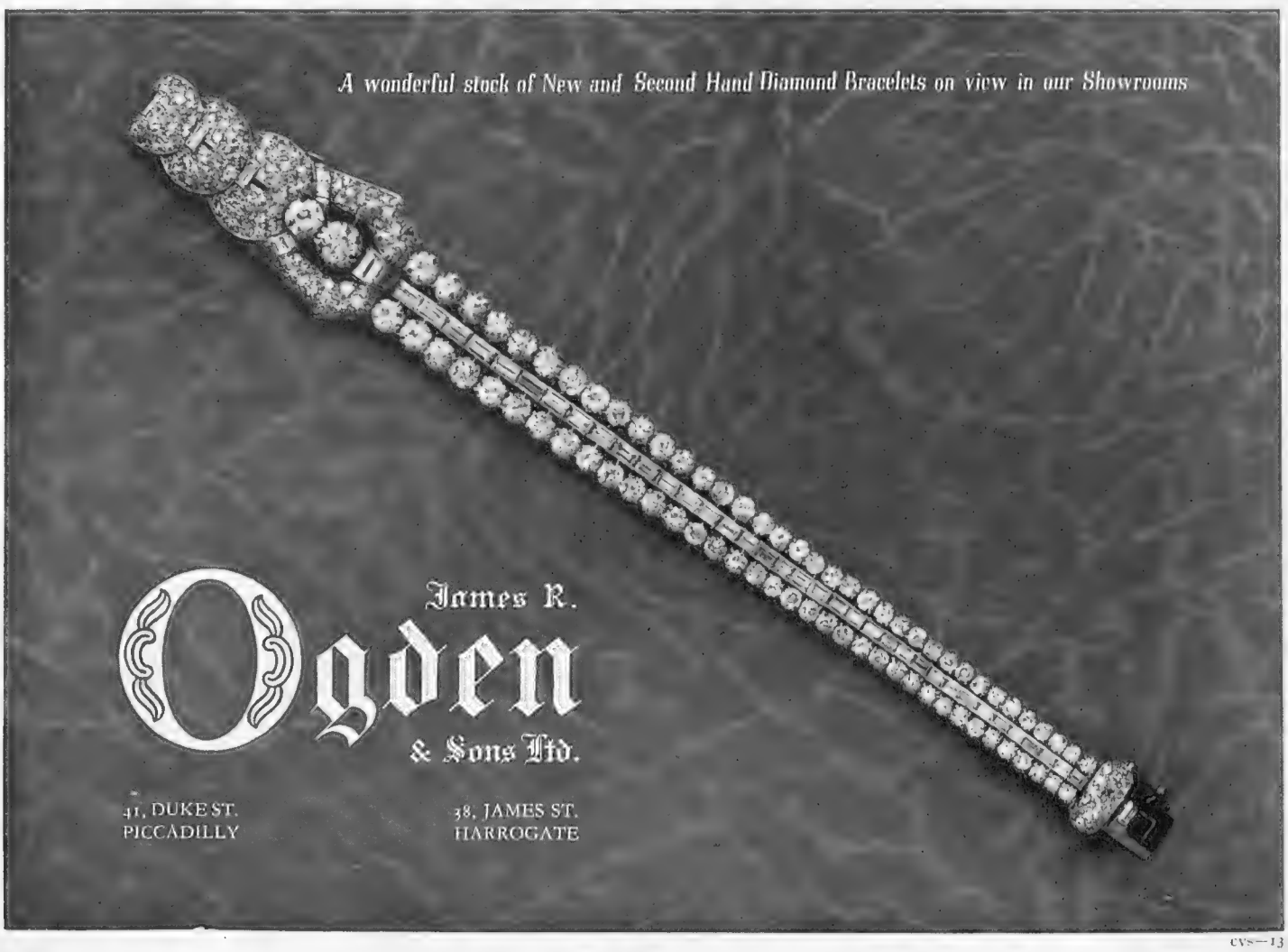
*Moya Anne Koe*

*Moya Anne Koe is the daughter of Capt. Walter P. Koe, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Koe, of Corhampton, Meonstoke, Hants.; she is engaged to Humphrey Mark Wilson, the Royal Norfolk Regt., son of the late Col. W. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, of Dunster, Somerset*

Bassano

*Helen Victoria Medlicott*

*Helen Medlicott is the second daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. S. Medlicott, of Partridge Hill, Goathland, Yorks.; she is engaged to Walter Mark Johnson, third son of the late Walter Lyulph Johnson, of Arncliffe Hall, Northallerton*


CVS—13

## WHEN YOU WAKE WITH A HEAD LIKE LEAD

You can't help waking *sometimes* with a headache. There are lots of things can make you feel below par. Over-work, worry, stuffy rooms, smoking, eating or drinking too much —all these cause what doctors call an "acid condition."

And then, whatever the cause of your headache, it's no good taking something that merely relieves the pain. You need something to remove the cause as well.

That is why a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly, and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

If you have a headache or feel as if you were suffering from a "morning after," take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer'; you will be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will *be* better too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer's' alkalising elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells or any Chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried get your money back.

**The Quickest and Best way to cure any type of headache —a sparkling glass of**

**BROMO-SELTZER**

Contains NO Aspirin

# Pomeroy

## THE COMPLETE BEAUTY TREATMENT

There are many occasions when time does not allow a visit to the beauty salon and as regular treatment is necessary to beauty, POMEROY now introduce the inexpensive complete home outfit.

**SKIN FOOD** (with the original Attar of Rose). Use it at night and experience a new thrill when you use your make-up in the morning.

**ASTRINGENT TONIC.** Stimulates the tissues and closes the pores—gives that "ice-like" freshness to the skin—perfect for make-up.

**POWDERS.** In six shades only—perfectly graded to suit either dry or greasy skin.

**SKIN CONDITIONER.** *THE HANDBAG BEAUTY TREATMENT.* Possesses triple properties in a highly concentrated form–softener, cleanser—powder base—a portable beauty treatment for the busy woman.

**BEAUTY MILK.** Removes all make-up and induces every particle of dirt from the depths of the pores immediately it is applied.

**EYE LOTION.** A cleanser that strengthens and promotes a lively lustre to the eyes necessary to charm.

**TISSUES.** Soft silk-like texture. A bundle is essential to complete the home beauty outfit

**May we send you our price list and this sample outfit. price 1/-, post free?**

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C.D.C.

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Hot house roses with all the fragrance and beauty of freshly cut blooms make the supreme gift for all occasions. Now you can order roses of super quality to be specially cut by the growers and delivered carriage paid to any address in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER** **5/-** **ONE DOZEN**
**2 Dozen 9/-**
**3 Dozen 12/6**

Exquisite blooms as sold by leading florists. Order to-day and you will be amazed at the quality and value.

*An interesting coloured booklet has been prepared describing this service in full.*

**Write for a Free Copy.**

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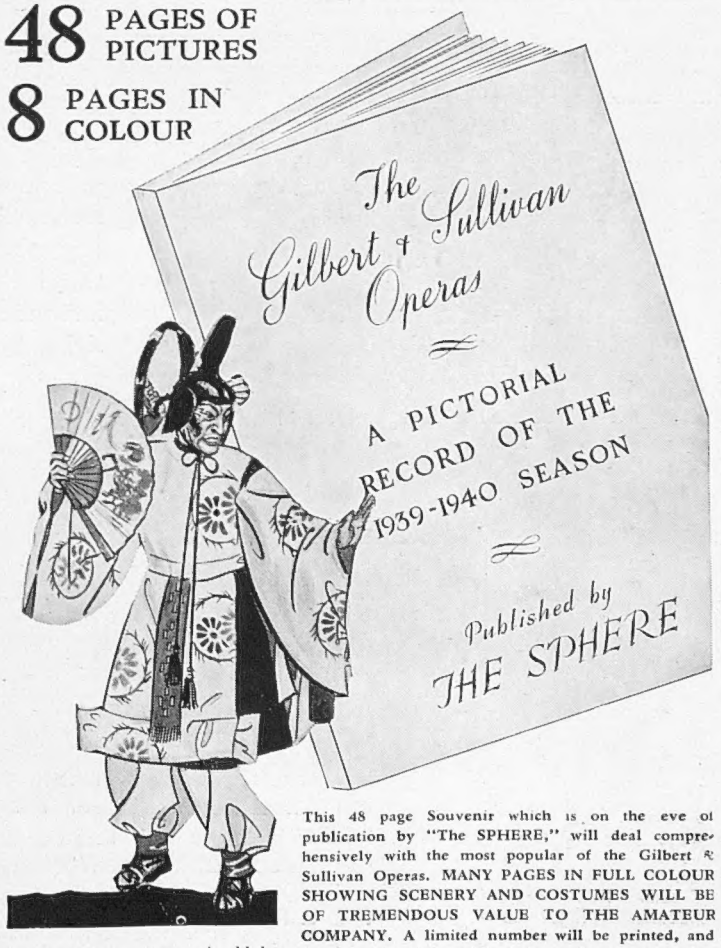


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## "When I'm a Man"...

"I'm going to send my Mummy to the seaside for a L-O-N-G holiday, because she hasn't had one for years and years—and she works so hard."

"Mummy" can have the joy of a holiday *now*—and return to her home in the slums a new woman—if only you will help. It costs £5 to give two weeks at the sea to a Mother and her 3 children. Please send a gift to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

**CHURCH ARMY**
**FRESH AIR HOMES**

# A 'Prefect' goes to School

"..... *especially because I want to see the 'Prefect.' So why not drive down on Saturday? May I ask Jones and Fortescue to come out to tea? And*

*mother, will you please wear a different hat?*"

* * *

Saturday morning saw us setting forth to Bob's school. John drove our new 'Prefect.' I wore my most decorous hat.

"Bob is so sensitive," I said, "I do hope he'll approve of this hat."

"He will," laughed John, "and he'll approve of the new car, too."

We thought it a beauty. It took the Surrey hills like a bird, and I've never been so comfortable in a ten horse-power car. Every little detail that a woman looks for has been included, and John had unstinted praise for its performance. During the run down he had a chance to test the acceleration and braking, the steering and the springing. We didn't have to test the silence of that wonderfully smooth engine. It was obvious from the start.

When we arrived at the school gates John looked at the petrol gauge.

"Seventy miles on less than two gallons!"

* * *

I have always been shy of the headmaster, but this time he put us at our ease immediately.

"Running a 'Prefect,' I see! We think alike about cars. In fact we've quite a family of Fords at the school. There's the V-8 Estate Car for station work, I have a 'Prefect' for my own use, several of the masters have Ford 'Eights,' and we use a Fordson Golf Course Tractor to maintain the grounds. . . . Well, you'll be wanting to see young Bob. I'll have him sent for."

* * *

Bob did full justice to his lunch in the local hotel. And he did full justice to our new car, as well.

"Now you really have got a car," he said between mouthfuls. "Why, you can get sports performance from a 'Prefect.' The only car I'd rather have is a Ford V-8."

"Out of the mouths of babes. . . ." laughed John.

That afternoon we picked up Bob's two friends and drove out to the woods. The boys never stopped talking about the car.

Toward tea-time I noticed Bob's eyes wandering anxiously round the back of the car.

"You *did* say you had brought a picnic tea," he said.

It was then we revealed the last secret of the 'Prefect,' the outsize luggage compartment over the spare wheel . . . . and the generous hamper stowed safely inside it. Bob sighed his relief.

"You might have shown us that before!"

**THE BUDGET AND THE MOTORIST**

The lower price of Ford Cars represents a difference which will pay the extra annual licence cost for a number of years. *The Ford 'Eight' at £115 sells at £13 less than any other 'Eight' Saloon on the market. This initial saving covers the increase in taxation for more than three years. Since the taxation changes do not affect motoring costs this year, by buying a Ford 'Eight' now you can ignore the Budget for four years.*

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A series of spectacular and instructive events of motoring interest. Also, the finals of "The Scout" Speedster Race; this race is open to Boy Scout Troops who make their own miniature car for the Competition; Brooklands, Saturday, June 17th, at 2.30 p.m. Book the date!

**The 'Prefect,' the only British Ten under £150.** Saloon, **£145.** Double-Entrance Saloon, **£152 . 10.** Touring Car, **£155.**
Ford "Eight" from **£115.** Ford V-8 "30" de Luxe, from **£280.** Ford V-8 "30" Estate Car, **£325.** Fordson Golf Course Tractor, **£175.** Prices at Works.

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COLISEUM. Charing Cross. (Tem. 3161.) Mon., June 12th, 6.25 & 9. Mats., Sat., 2.30. Joyce Barbour and Co. in "The Absent Minded Lady," Cheffalo and Co., Noni and Partner, The Dolinoffs, 3 Jokers, Griffiths Bros., The Bashful Boys, etc.

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Beautifully situated on the shores of the Atlantic and facing the world-famous Machrihanish Golf Course (one of the original 20 Best Courses). Invigorating, healthy air—every comfort and convenience—H. & C. water in all bedrooms. Modern Lounge—American Bar—Garage.

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**MIDLAND STATION HOTEL, BELFAST.** Belfast's foremost Hotel. Ideal centre for Northern Ireland. **NORTHERN COUNTIES HOTEL, PORTRUSH.** Close to Royal Portrush Golf Club. Indoor Seawater Swimming Pool.
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The Sunny Place of Savoy near Mt. Blanc—3339 ft.
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**Knocke-Zoute. — Rubens Hotel.** — Finest Hotel, facing sea. Near Casino—Golf—Tennis.

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**Le Touquet.—Hotel de Anglais.**—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

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**Le Touquet (P. de C.) Golf Hotel.** — Facing Links. New Lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

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**Villefranche-sur-Mer.—Welcome Hotel.**—Facing sea, near beach, Yachting, Fishing. Every comfort. Pension from 50 frs.

**GERMANY**

**Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.**—Family Hotel de Luxe.

**Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

**Bad Gastein. — Parkhotel Bellevue.** — The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

**Bad Gastein.–Grand Hotel, Gasteinerhof.**–Sunniest htl. 1st-cl. 180 bedrooms. Pens. fr. R.M. 9.50. Pat. by Eng. Soc. Open in Winter.

**Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.**—First-class family hotel. 200 rooms. Thermal bath in hotel, garage. Pension from R.M. 10 up.

**Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.**—The home of the discriminating client.

**Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.**—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms. 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

**Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.**—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. Htl., quiet sit. Inclusive terms from R.M. 7.00.

**Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.**—The ldg. Hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces. Bar, Orch., Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

**Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.**–L.h't.W'ld ren'd. Fav.home of intern.soc. Fam." Grill." Am.bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr.B.fr.9.

**Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room. Bar.

**Franzensbad. — Hotel Königsvilla.** — The leading Hotel. Near bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

**Franzensbad, Sudetenland.–Hotel Imperial.**–World-known. Close to Springs and baths. Season 15th April to 15th Oct. Tel. 35.

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**GERMANY**—*continued*

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**Munich.**—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof).—First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards.

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